The Axis' Next Move (Unless...) by Colonel T.

NEW MASSES

September 15, 1942 15c in Canada 20c

In this Issue: *India, Giant Arsenal Unused, R. Palme Dutt; The Ceilings Henderson Must Hit, by Bruce Minton; Soviet Science Studies Old Age, by Ruscoe Clarke; What About It, Elmer Davis? by Samuel Sillen; "Wake Island" reviewed by Alvah Bessie.*

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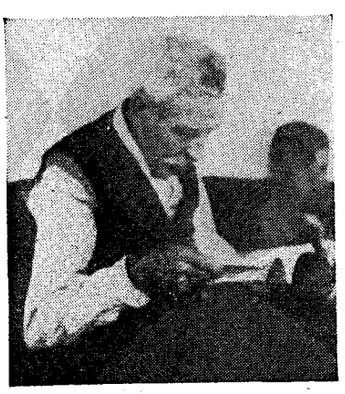
BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE HAVE received so many comments from our readers praising the story by Sam Hakam, "I Rode the Convoy to Russia" (August 25 issue), that we feel impelled to tell you a little about the author. He has been a radio operator since 1929 and is a charter member of the American Communications Association, CIO. The experiences he described are not particularly novel to him: he was radio operator on the freighter *Lehigh* which was torpedoed by the Nazis off the coast of West Africa on Oct. 19, 1941, the second American flag ship to be sunk during the war. Hakam is one of the many ACA operators whose experiences under attack have served to provide valuable proposals on safety of life and property at sea: these experiences have been embodied in the ACA's Safety Plan, parts of which have been adopted by the Federal Communications Commission and the United States Navy.

Hakam comes from a family rich in fighters: his brother Harry waged war against the Axis in Spain for two years as a member of the Lincoln Brigade. Two other brothers are members of the National Maritime Union—one, Solly, is an oiler, and Abe is an Able-Bodied Seaman. Another brother, Louis, is a sergeant in the United States Army. "And Poppa and Momma are buying war bonds," Hakam adds.

While he was in the office he told us the story of a colleague who went down in the Caribbean and was rescued after several days in a lifeboat. He urged his friend to write the story for us, but the latter felt he had nothing much to say about it. "It was just a routine torpedoing," his buddy explained.



George Aspden

Mr. Aspden is one of NM's oldest readers. He writes us from Grandview, Calif., that he has been taking the magazine for twenty-five years. He celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday last April. "I think the nations have learned a good deal the last few years," he writes, "and I would like to live and see the new world of freedom that will follow the war." That Mr. Aspden is still in there fighting is shown not only by the fine letter he wrote us, but by the $5 bill he sent to open his twenty-sixth subscription to the magazine.

PLANNING of a special issue devoted to the Negro People and the War has now been completed, and we are glad to announce that it is scheduled for publication in the coming weeks. One of the striking features of the issue will be a group of letters, now published for the first time, dealing with Negro troops in the Civil War. The letters were written in 1863 and 1864 by Capt. John W. Ames, of the Eleventh Regular United States Infantry. The New York *Tribune* of July 23, 1863, noted the nomination of Captain Ames to head the Second Regiment of Colored United States Volunteers. Captain Ames was a "graduate of Harvard, a son of Judge Ames of Boston, and grandson of Fisher Ames." The recruiting of the Negro regiment took place in Philadelphia, where, according to the *Tribune*, the "black enlistment movement is a complete success, commanding the hearty approval of loyal people of all classes." You will find the letters an exciting revelation by an officer who was himself skeptical, at the start, of the brilliant fighting qualities of the Negro volunteers.

REMEMBER the old ad—"Tired? Worn-out? Need a rest?" Anyway, we don't need a medical degree to give you some advice. Take off September 18-21 and come up to Chesters' Zunbarg, at Woodbourne, N. Y., with the rest of the crowd. It's one of those NM weekends that have delighted hundreds of our readers. You know the people, and you know the kind of program we put on. You'll loll about, if you want to; or you'll listen to a recital by a concert artist, if you want to; you can, if you're so constituted, join in the sports program, which includes everything from archery to tennis; and if you have the yen you can listen to one of our editors or writers on some of the current political or literary topics of the day. Some of the *Of V We Sing* artists will be there as well as Virginia Blake, from *It's About Time;* Bill Korf, the dancer, Ira Stadlin, the leading comic of *Pens and Pencils,* and Stanley Praeger, NBC radio actor. For further details about transportation, prices, etc., look up the ad on Page 25, which also carries a coupon for use in making your reservations. And write right away or you'll be too late. Chesters' is a pretty commodious place but it won't hold all the people who want to come, judging from the number of reservations already on hand. Don't say we didn't warn you.

A BALTIMORE reader, expressing appreciation of Samuel Putnam's article on Brazil in last week's issue, notes that in one respect the article is misleading. He calls attention to a sentence which seems to imply that diplomatic relations between Brazil and Japan still exist. Actually, of course, diplomatic relations with Japan were broken off following the Rio conference.

A constituent of Rep. Vito Marcantonio sends his considered approval of the article, "Hey, Marc," by Sasha Small, published in last week's issue. "Of course," he adds, "you can't say everything in one article that should be said about as fine a guy as Marc, but it was a good job just the same." The correspondent adds that he would like to see more such profiles of "public friends" as well as those NM often carries of public enemies.

Who's Who

R. PALME DUTT is among the world's foremost authorities on India. He is the editor of the British *Labour Monthly,* a leading member of the Communist Party of Great Britain, and author of several books on international politics. . . . Thomas Barton is the pen name of a dentist practicing in the west. . . . Ruscoe Clarke is an English surgeon. . . . Samuel Putnam has written many articles for NM on Latin-American cultural affairs. . . . T. C. Foxx has written book reviews for several publications.

THIS WEEK

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THE POWER OF INDIA

R. Palme Dutt continues his discussion on the imperative need to free India now. What it would mean for the United Nations. An army of fifteen million. India's fabulous resources.

Exactly what has been happening in India these last four weeks is obscured by censorship within India itself. It is impossible to say whether the so-called "outbreaks" before the town halls and police stations of India's major cities are still going on—masked by censorship—or whether, as the British government in India claims, the situation has calmed and is "under control." At any rate, it is clear from rereading the dispatches since mid-August that at least several hundreds of Indians have been killed in various parts of the country, that the protest against the imprisonment of Indian leaders has taken form in all the major cities of India, including the industrial regions around Calcutta. According to Lieut. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, interviewed at New Delhi last week, "the political situation here is having its effect on transportation," which would imply a much more serious state of affairs than the dispatches lead one to believe.

In any case, India's crisis is not to be measured by the amount of violence that takes place. Obviously, the longer the present deadlock and strong-arm policy goes on, the more unlikely it will be that India can be fully mobilized either for defense against the enemy at the gates, or for a continuous stream of production, so vital for China and the Near East. This factor remains the strongest argument against British policy. It is not as though the British government has secured greater co-operation from the Indian people since August 15; on the contrary, the chances are that it now secures less. And the result can be the loss of India to both Germany and Japan, with all the consequences for all the United Nations as well as the Indian people that would surely follow.

By way of reviewing the realities, we publish this week an abridged chapter from R. Palme Dutt's new book, "Britain in the World Front," which International Publishers will bring out shortly. Mr. Dutt, a leading British Communist, editor of the "Labour Monthly," is the foremost Marxist authority on India in the western world.—THE EDITORS.

BRITAIN holds a special responsibility in the World Alliance to assist in winning the free and full collaboration of the Indian people and the colonial peoples.

Fascism is the enemy of all peoples in the world—equally of those who have already won a greater or less degree of freedom and self-government and of those who are still held subject under colonial rule. The aims of the struggle for freedom of the twelve hundred millions of humanity who live in India, China, Eastern Asia and the Pacific, the Middle East and Africa require the victory of the world anti-fascist alliance and the complete defeat of fascism. But the mobilization of these gigantic reserves of the anti-fascist army will only be effective to the extent that their willing collaboration is won on the basis of their own understanding of their own interests, as voluntary allies, and not as servants called on to give their lives in the interests of their masters. The question of the freedom of the colonial peoples is no longer only a first class political issue. It is a first class strategic issue for the victory of the democratic anti-fascist alliance.

The colonial peoples have every reason to understand that fascism is today their deadliest and most dangerous enemy, and that the interests of their struggle for liberation are bound up with the victory of the world anti-fascist alliance and the destruction of fascism. All the most responsible and enlightened leaders of the national liberation movements have recognized that the interests of the colonial peoples are irreconcilably opposed to fascism. The Chinese National Republic has fought with arms against the Japanese fascist invaders for years before the formation of the world anti-fascist alliance. The Indian National Congress has played an outstanding and honorable role in the vanguard of the struggle against fascism, in support of China, Abyssinia, and Spain, for years before the ruling authorities in this country began to move from their policies of conciliation to fascism.

Heavy as is the lot of the colonial peoples under the existing imperialist rule, it would be immeasurably worse under fascism, which is the most aggressive and brutal form of imperialism. Every imperialist system means the oppression and degradation, the arresting of development of the subject peoples under its rule. The aim of every colonial people can only be for complete liberation from imperialism. But in the existing types of colonial regime the mass struggle has already won in the majority of cases a varying measure of rights of organization and political expression (trade unions, political organization, press, despite heavy restrictions and intimidation) which, though limited and precarious, are of the utmost importance for further advance, and which would be completely swept away under fascism. On the other hand, the development and victory of the world anti-fascist alliance represent the most favorable conditions for the complete liberation of the colonial peoples.

BUT the effective participation of the colonial peoples in the world anti-fascist front cannot depend on their own efforts alone. The reactionary obstacles which still hinder that full participation must be removed. And here a special responsibility lies on the peoples in the imperialist countries participating in the anti-fascist coalition, and above all on the people of Britain, at the center of the British empire, with its 450,000,000 of subject colonial peoples.

The Indian people and all the colonial peoples represent a gigantic reservoir of democratic and anti-fascist strength. Their manpower is vast. Their resources are abundant in all the raw materials for war. Their will to freedom, their capacity for struggle and sacrifice, demonstrated in their national struggles,

Assembly line in an Indian war plant. Because of Tory colonial policy, only a minute fraction of India's industrial resources is employed.

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could play a powerful role in the common front and the common victory, and in Asia the decisive role.

Yet barely the fringe of this manpower and of these resources has so far been mobilized. Their democratic willingness has been repulsed and discouraged. In India the army so far raised amounts to 1,000,000 men out of a population of nearly 400,000,000; recruitment is limited; masses are turned away from the recruiting offices.

"There is no lack of men; since the outbreak of war recruiting offices all over the country have been congested with volunteers from every class, community and occupation to such an extent that it soon became impossible to deal with their numbers." ("India At War" [British] Government Report, 1941.)

In proportion to population the manpower would provide twice the armed forces of the Soviet Union. On the Canadian scale of recruitment, it would provide fifteen to twenty millions. The actual outcome is one quarter of one percent of the population, or a total less than that of a secondary European state. Even this figure has been stated to be "largely a paper figure. Arms are lacking for the training of a mass army, and as a result recruiting, until recently, was rather discouraged." (Military Correspondent of the London *Observer,* March 8, 1942.) The Chinese example has shown the possibility, under national leadership, of organizing and training armies even with limited resources, capable of meeting the Japanese armies; but the Chinese Command's offer to send military instructors to India to assist in solving the problem of training has not so far been accepted.

SIMILARLY in respect to resources and war production. India has abundant resources of all the key raw materials for war production, with the exception of nickel, molybdenum, and vanadium. But only the tiniest fraction is utilized. With coal reserves of 36,000,000,000 tons, the annual production before the war reached 25,000,000 tons, or one-tenth of the British level; and coal output dropped in 1940. With iron ore reserves of 3,000,000,000 tons, the output of steel on the eve of war was not yet 1,000,000 tons, or one-thirteenth of the British level, and below the level of Poland. By 1941 steel output had advanced to 1,250,000 tons: "The expansion might have been larger, but . . . we are large importers of pig iron from India. It would have meant absorbing in India pig iron which was urgently required for our industry here" (the Duke of Devonshire, Undersecretary for India, in the House of Lords, Feb. 3, 1942).

Thus shipping, urgently needed for war transport between Britain and the Far East, is used to transport pig iron from India to Britain and finished steel back to India, rather than manufacture in India. There is no motor industry and no aero-engine industry; India is dependent on overseas supply for all its heavy weapons: planes, tanks, and heavy artillery. Yet India with industrial development could have been the arsenal of the war in the Far East. The government announced in the House of Commons on Oct. 9, 1941, that the manufacture of internal-combustion engines in India would not be "a practical proposition so far as the present war is concerned." By the spring of 1942, after two and a half years of war, it was announced that an exploratory commission was being appointed "to examine the question of production of components of internal-combustion engines or complete engines." Indian industrialists have vociferously complained that, in contrast to the gigantic industrial development in the Dominions since the war, industrial development in India has received a setback. "Unlike the last war, there has been very little industrial expansion." ("Great Britain and the East," June 19, 1941.)

The gigantic available manpower for war production is thus scarcely used. Despite the inexhaustible resources of raw materials for industrial production, and the inexhaustible reserves of manpower, today after nearly two centuries of British rule in India not one percent of the population is employed in factories, mines, railways, or docks. It was reported as an achievement in November 1941 that 50,000 workers are now employed in the Government Ordnance Factories, or one in 8,000 of the population. By the end of 1941 two batches of *fifty* Indian workers each had arrived in Britain for industrial training—from a population of 400,000,000. And meanwhile the authorities here wring their hands over the problem of manpower.

This policy of throttling Indian industrial development, already criminal in peacetime against the interests and needs of the Indian people, becomes doubly criminal today against the vital needs of the World Alliance and equivalent to direct help to fascism.

BEHIND this lies the influence of the entire policy of colonial domination and exploitation: the denial of national self-determination, the policy which would rather lose the colonial territories temporarily to the fascist invaders than yield power to the peoples themselves; the fear of too rapid advance of the colonial peoples, fear of their industrial development, fear of arming the people, fear of their inevitable advance to freedom.

The consequences of this policy have been seen in Malaya and Singapore, in Java and Burma; where the Japanese invaders were able to sweep forward without popular resistance, or even with active support from sections of the population; where the government, in the words of the London *Times* report on Malaya, "had no roots in the life of the people" and "with the exception of certain sections of the Chinese community—some inspired by Free China's struggle for survival, others by Soviet precept and example—the bulk of the Asiatic population remained spectators from start to finish"; where the great naval base of Singapore was paralyzed because out of the 12,000 Asiatic laborers only 800 remained, while ships could not be unloaded or put to sea because the Asiatic dockers and crews were gone; where the populations were not mobilized or trained or armed to defend themselves, but where, in Burma, the Japanese could recruit and organize whole companies of soldiers for their own purposes.

A radical change of policy is imperative in relation to India and all the colonial peoples. The events in the Far East have brought a shock of twelfth hour awakening even to many who were previously indifferent to this question.

The alliance of Free China and Free India must be the cornerstone of freedom and the fight for freedom in Eastern Asia. The advance of Japan to the gates of India has brought the question of Indian national freedom and self-defense to the forefront of world politics. It is essential that a basis of agreement should be found between the British government and the representatives of the Indian people to make possible the willing cooperation of the Indian people, as equal partners in the alliance of the United Nations, for the common struggle against the common enemy. This basis of agreement can be found, provided that the present dictatorial system of government in India is replaced by the formation of a National Coalition Government, representative of Indian political leaders of all sections prepared to collaborate in the common cause, and with full responsibility and powers, subject to the practical requirements of military cooperation with Britain and the United Nations.

The failure of the Cripps Mission to India to reach an agreement on this basis represented a major strategical defeat for the alliance against fascism. The Cripps Mission failed, not because agreement was impossible, but because it refused the elementary demand for the formation of a representative National Government to mobilize the Indian people for the common struggle. The breakdown did not arise over the hypothetical postwar scheme for the future political regulation of India; this scheme, so far from being an offer of self-government, was of a dubious and undemocratic character,

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since it refused the first basis of self-determination, that the democratically elected representatives of the Indian people should be free to determine their own form of government, and it included projects, both fantastic and unworkable, for the future Balkanization of India; but the Indian politicians were sufficiently realistic to recognize that these postwar speculations were of minor practical importance today. Nor did the breakdown occur over the alleged communal difficulty and divisions of the Indian people; this question never arose in the discussions and was only subsequently produced as a supposed explanation of the breakdown. The explicit statement of Jawaharlal Nehru that "at no stage during the talks did any communal or minority difficulty occur" compelled the final admission by Sir Stafford Cripps that "it is quite true that I did not discuss the minority question with Congress" and that "it was not in fact on the communal question that the breakdown came." All sections of Indian political opinion demanded the formation of a responsible National Government, even though the composition of such a government would have had to be the subject of subsequent negotiation. But this stage was never reached, because the principle was refused; it was made clear that, even if all sections were united in this demand, it would be refused. This was the cause of the breakdown.

URGENT steps need now to be taken to remedy this situation before it is too late. The refusal to concede a National Government to India has led to serious deterioration of the political situation in India, tendencies to disintegration and demoralization, and the increased influence of the fatal tendencies to pacifism, passivity, and theories of neutrality in this life-and-death struggle.

The greatest responsibility rests on democratic opinion in Britain to do all in its power to remove the reactionary obstacles from the side of British policy in the way of a settlement; and to ensure that the government immediately reopen negotiations with the Indian National Congress with a view to the formation of a representative and responsible National Government in India, capable of enjoying the confidence of the Indian people and mobilizing them for active defense, in cooperation with the other nations opposed to fascist aggression. Pending the establishment of such a government, all the thousands of anti-fascist prisoners (now mainly working class and peasant prisoners, Socialists, Communists, and trade unionists, who would be in the forefront of rallying the nation for resistance against fascism) should be immediately released, and every form of assistance should be given to the National Congress to rally and organize the resistance of the people to the Japanese attack. Further, the most urgent steps need to be taken to speed the development of Indian industry for war production, to assist with equipment, machine tools, etc., from Britain and the United States, to harness the available small scale industry and handicraft, and to mobilize the manpower for a mighty effort comparable with that of China.

The colonial peoples in all the countries of the world represent a powerful force for freedom. They are the natural enemies of fascism and all oppression and tyranny. It is for the peoples in the democratic countries to understand their strivings, and to find a way to forge their close alliance with them in the common struggle against the fascist aims of world domination. This struggle will prepare the conditions for the full liberation of all peoples and nations throughout the world.

R. PALME DUTT.

Michaels

"Personally, Schultz, don't you think Der Fuehrer exaggerates a bit?"

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

THE AXIS' NEXT MOVES (UNLESS...)

The Near East is in peril; the Soviet Far East may be attacked. Why Gen. Stilwell said "Plenty is boiling but nothing is decided." What can happen unless the second front is opened.

LIEUT. GEN. JOSEPH W. STILWELL, commander of the United States forces in the Far East, said on September 1, in New Delhi, India: *"Plenty is boiling, but nothing is decided. All depends on a second front in Europe."* (Italics mine.)

This is not all the general said on that occasion, but this in itself is a mouthful. The general, of course, meant that "plenty was boiling" in his part of the world, but this is even more true of the other parts.

There is no doubt that the war has reached a crisis of such proportions that it is puerile to compare it with the weeks of the so-called Battle of Britain in 1940. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in military history with which to compare the present situation. The most important questions at present are: the outcome of the battle for Stalingrad; the destination of the Japanese troops now being obviously withdrawn from the Central front of China; and the decision pending on the tiny little front between El Alamein and the Qattara Depression in Egypt. Thus two known fronts and one unknown front hold the key to the military events which will shape the destiny of more than one future generation.

Of these three the southern Soviet Front is, of course, by far the most important and decisive. Field Marshal von Bock is battering Stalingrad with more than fifty divisions supported by probably no less than ten Panzer divisions. Entire air fleets with thousands of planes are covering and pacing the assault. Stalingrad, as it stands now, has no good means of communication with the rest of the country and must rely entirely upon its own garrison. It has the Volga—almost a mile wide here—at its back. The country around it is flat and the only natural defense position west of it is provided by the Yablonovski hills and even these slope sharply back toward the city. But foremost of all considerations is the obvious numerical superiority of the enemy, both in men and machines.

It is hard to foretell the outcome of this battle. So called "miracles" have happened before. One might happen now at Stalingrad, but it is not presumptuous at this juncture to evaluate the consequences of the fall of this important Soviet stronghold.

HAVING reached the Volga and having eliminated the Stalingrad threat to their flank, the Germans will be able to shuttle a score or more divisions to the Caucasus front and speed up their campaign there. Judging by the way things are shaping up along the Black Sea, the Germans will probably decide upon weighting that wing with the purpose of sweeping around the Caucasus massif from the west, depriving the Soviet Black Sea Fleet of its last base at Batum and debouching into the Trans-Caucasus, that is, into the "ante-room" of the Middle East.

As a corollary of this development it is most likely that Turkey will be forced to jump off the fence, and in the wrong direction at that, because it will be as good as surrounded by Nazi forces, with only the weak British Army in Iran, Iraq, and Syria to back it up. This will not be much of an inducement to resist Hitler's blackmail because the Turkish General Staff well understands that if the armies of General Kozlov could not hold the German onslaught, those of Gen. Maitland Wilson certainly will not be able to.

Turkey certainly has no less than half a million men under arms and can mobilize on short notice another half million. They are not very well armed, but they are excellent fighters with good officers. In any case, their role would hardly be to act as a fighting spearhead. They could be assigned the role of guarding the Turkish coastline against possible Allied landing attempts. The main importance of Turkey lies in the control of the Straits and in its territory, that is, in the permission it could give Germany to use this territory in transit from Bulgaria to Syria and Iraq. It would be a rail-trip of some 900 miles for German troops from Istanbul to Alexandretta, near the northwestern corner of Syria. From there to Mossul the distance is not great—some 350 miles. The control of this operational direction would save the Germans the necessity of invading Syria from the Dodecanese, a complicated and costly operation. It is one thing to hurl an air-borne invasion at a small piece of land like Crete, but it is another to attack a wide territory like the countries of the Middle East with planes as the only spearhead.

The disappearance of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet after the loss of Batum would also give Germany complete control of the Black Sea, which would be used as a convenient line of communications.

THE entire operation would be linked, of course, with a reinforced push by Rommel against Alexandria, Suez, and hence upward into Syria and Iraq to meet the German armies rolling down from Trans-Caucasia. To the British Navy in the Mediterranean the loss of Alexandria would mean the same thing as the loss of Batum would to the Soviet Black Sea Fleet: it would have to vanish from the picture, although it would not have to be scuttled as the Soviet Navy would be. True, Alexandria is not the only British naval base in the Eastern Mediterranean, but it is quite obvious that a victorious Rommel would sweep up the coast, eliminating Port Said, Jaffa, Beirut, etc., just as the German armies in the Caucasus are planning to sweep down the eastern coast of the Black Sea, eliminating Novorossisk, Tuapse, Poti, and Batum. The British Navy would have either to escape from the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal, or try and fight its way through to Gibraltar. In any case, the Mediterranean would become a German lake just as the Black Sea would become a German lake. The Middle East would be gone.

It is hardly probable that the Allies would have enough strength to hold the Middle East against such a pincer movement, especially in view of the attitude of the local population. Certain events in Iraq have already shown which way the wind is blowing.

Thus we see that the fate of the British Empire and of the cause of the United Nations depends directly upon the things which are "boiling," as General Stilwell says—first, at Stalingrad and, second, at El Alamein. Gen. Stilwell also said that "nothing is decided." To this we can add: *but the decision is damned near and it will be Hitler's decision if the United Nations do not make one, and a drastic one, very quickly.*

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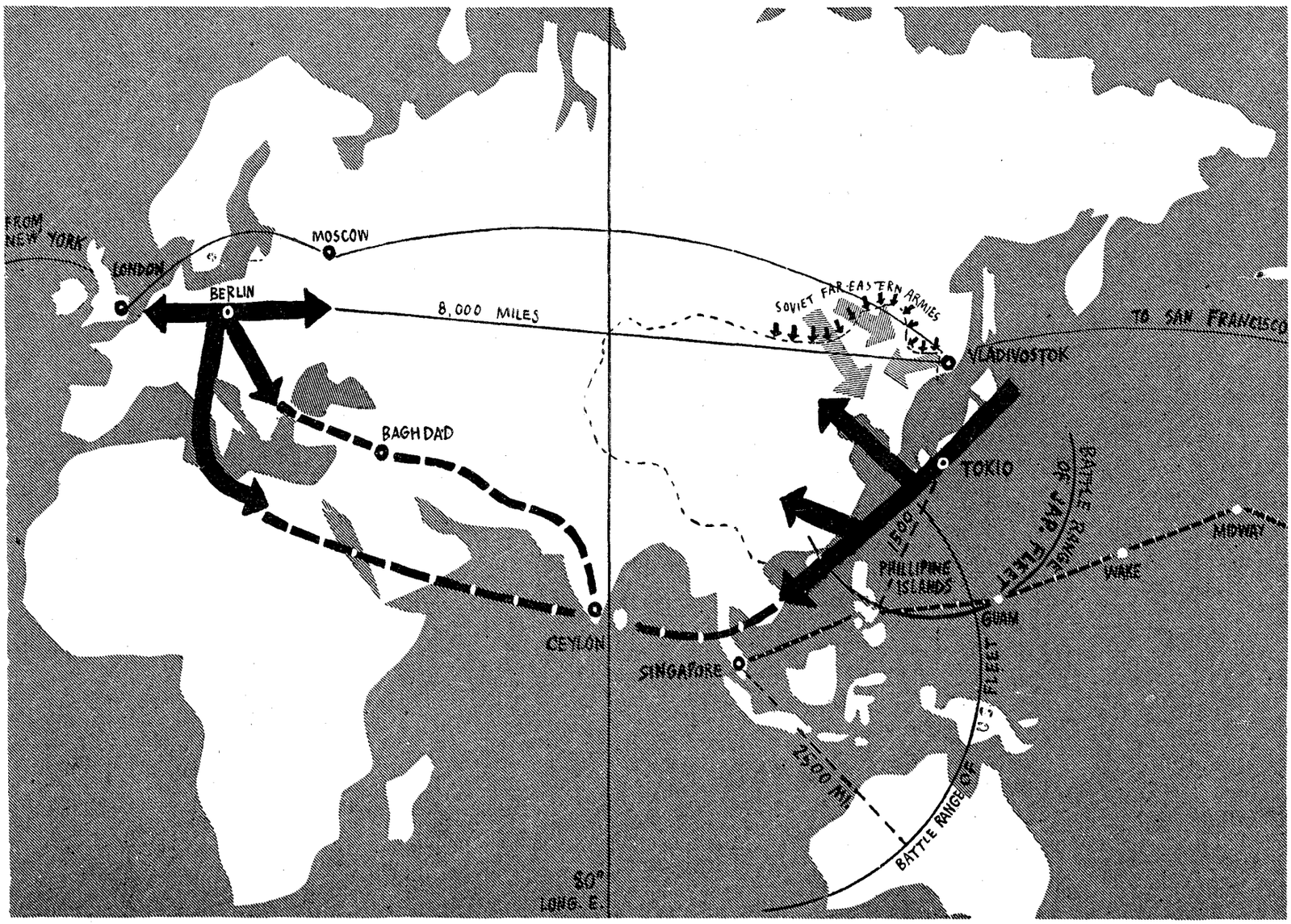
In the Far East, the most important thing is not the guerrilla warfare on the approaches to Port Moresby, not the small scale of fighting on the Solomon Islands, important as the base at Tulagi is to both sides in the conflict, but the question: where are the Japanese moving their troops from the Chekiang-Kiangsi front? In other words, here we also see the United Nations deprived of strategic initiative, pounding the enemy here and there from the air, but unable to undertake anything decisive, waiting for the enemy to decide.

The hopes of certain circles in the Allied High Command seem to be pinned upon a Japanese attack against the USSR. This hope is not entirely based upon a dislike of the Soviet Union, but upon more immediate practical considerations: such an attack would throw open Soviet bases to American bombers which could go to work upon Japan itself. Not everything is in accord with logic in this reasoning because if United States bombers in sufficient quantities were available, why could they not be used from the newly reoccupied Chinese bases in Chekiang? The distance from Chuhsien to Nagasaki, for instance, is about the same as from Nagasaki to Vladivostok.

We don't know what the Japanese will decide. The chances are that they will strike at India in order at least to knock out the war industries in the Calcutta area. Both the seasonal and the political weather in India seems to favor such a plan, which also is closely tied up with the German plan for a conquest of the Middle East. Japan probably will not be willing to embark upon a huge adventure against the USSR while Hitler rolls on toward India and picks the richest and easiest plum.

And so we see that all the things that are "boiling" boil down to one thing: the Germans must be stopped at Stalingrad and at El Alamein. No: they must be stopped at Stalingrad so that Rommel himself will not get a single man, tank, or plane from Hitler. If the Germans are stopped at Stalingrad the danger to the Middle East from the north Caucasus will disappear and the British armies in Iran and Iraq will be able to join the Eighth Army in Egypt for a final *coup de grace* to Rommel. Having liquidated the danger to the Middle East, the Allies will be able to shift forces to meet Japan on the Indian border, where Japan cannot possibly concentrate a large force (not more than a dozen divisions at best).

The map below is one I drew for New Masses of Aug. 26, 1941. Look at it closely, and you will see that, although many things have changed since, the only solution of the entire problem still is to open a second front in Europe before all the eventualities described above come to pass. With a second front in Europe the whole fascist arc closing upon the Eurasian continent collapses. Japan *has* a second front stretching from the Aleutians to Australia. Let Germany get one, too. It was necessary to do that a year ago. It is still more imperative to do it now. At this writing not days, but *hours* count.



This prophetic map, which appeared in New Masses Aug. 26, 1941, was prepared by Colonel T. to show that the advances planned by Germany and Japan formed an arc threatening the Eurasian continent. Its significance is immediately apparent from the military events of the past year. The arc will collapse under the blows of a western front now.

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A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT DE SEVERSKY

Henri de Kerillis, famous French publicist, differs with the exponent of the bombs-can-do-it-alone school. His reasons. Excerpts from his article in Madame Tabouis' paper, "Pour La Victoire."

Henri de Kerillis was probably the best known of French military writers; for almost fifteen years he edited "L'Epoque," where he warned almost daily against the Nazi menace to France. An avowed nationalist, he alone joined with the seventy-one Communists in the French Chamber of Deputies in the vote against Munich. Cavalry officer, aviator, winner of the Legion d'Honneur in his time, de Kerillis has been in this country for two years. He is, together with Mme. Genevieve Tabouis, one of the editors of "Pour La Victoire," from which his comments on de Seversky are reprinted. His book, "Francais—Voici La Verite" ("Frenchmen—Here Is the Truth"), is being issued this month.

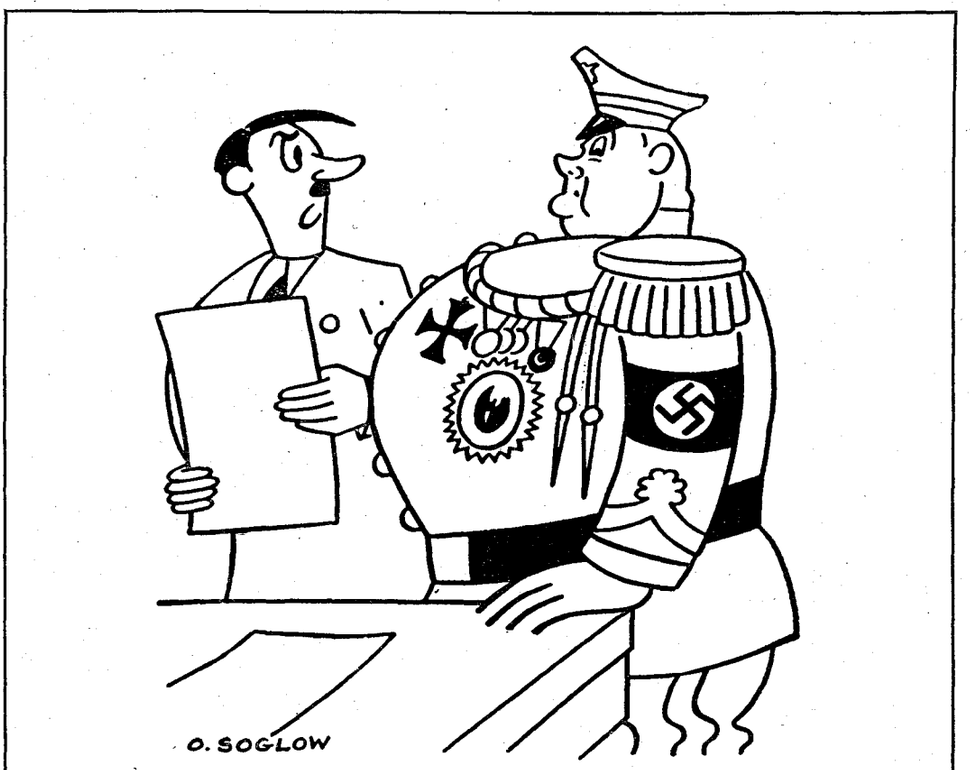
BY means of books, newspaper articles, and lectures a great American of Russian ancestry is conducting a hot campaign in this country in favor of a particular conception of American war strategy. Mr. de Seversky is an aviator, and a manufacturer of airplanes. Quite naturally he gives aviation the primary place. And his ideas have a bold, original, and advanced quality which is worthy of attention.

In sum: while Mr. de Seversky agrees that America should today make a magnificent effort to build a modern army, he contends that this effort is orientated in a direction that is both too conservative and too backward. According to him, the military strategy of this country is imitative, in the sense that it is inspired by the example of European countries. However, America is today engaged in a war that does not resemble in the slightest the war Europe has had to conduct. And Mr. de Seversky suggests that instead of mobilizing millions of men who will, according to him, perhaps never be used, instead of organizing motorized units that will find no battlefield on which to engage the German or Japanese armies, America should throw all her effort into aviation. He would prefer that instead of flocking by the million into army cantonments, our workers should go into the factories to make giant airplanes. He wants these giant airplanes to be grouped into innumerable squadrons, capable of carrying a war of extermination from the shores of America to every sea and every continent of the world. He therefore conceives of a war, specifically of the air, specifically American, which would permit her to exploit to its ultimate the advantage given her by her insular position and the formidable power of her industrial plant.

But many objections arise from competent sources in this country. It is debatable whether it is possible today to construct an air force capable of spanning the entire world, or even capable of reaching Germany effectively while still maintaining its bases in America. Present-day airplanes carry over great distances bomb loads which are really insufficient for the job, and crews which are small in number. One can therefore reply to Mr. de Seversky that the strategy he has outlined is purely speculative; that it premises a leap in aviation progress which has not yet been achieved and which perhaps will never be achieved. His attention is recalled to present-day reality, to a recognition of the meager results that have been attained by English aviation over Germany, even though the English bases are so close to their objectives and in spite of the fact that practically all German aviation is concentrated on the Soviet Union.

Not only that, but one must realize that the industrial power of the United States will have to clash henceforth with the industrial power of the occupied states of Europe. If Germany is in a fair way to mobilizing not only her own resources, but those of France, Italy, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and especially Russia, she will possess a colossal industrial potential, to which must be added also that of Japan. It is therefore to be feared that Germany will apply to America the methods Mr. de Seversky proposes should be applied to her—and with even more success, should these methods really become applicable.

AGAIN, the de Seversky theory presupposes, it is claimed, considerable delay. It would take a number of years to build endless quantities of planes that have not yet been designed. It would also take years to raise to the desirable level the training with this entirely new material of a corps of 50,000 to 100,000 pilots capable of practicing navigation and aerial combat over immense spaces.



"They are saving fats for victory in America—what are you going to do about it?"

Drawn for Office of War Information

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Is it possible to accept the idea of so long a war? Would America have the nerves to stand the delay? And would not her enemies know how to profit by this time factor in order to consolidate their power to a point which would render them practically invincible? Is it not in America's interest to work out the plans for a rapid war, and to utilize the speed factor to her advantage before Germany has time to adapt herself to a new form of war directed against America?

Finally one can charge the de Seversky theory with neglecting three essential factors of the present situation.

FIRST factor: The necessity of aid to Russia. If Russia should be definitely crushed, Germany would take possession of the immense territory of the Soviets, of their wheat fields, their oil, their mineral wealth, their industrial resources, and their enormous human potential. She would overflow the Caucasus into Asia and take possession of India in conjunction with Japan. The British empire would crumble. And America would find her difficulties doubled. Therefore, if we wish to come to the assistance of Russia, we must adapt ourselves to the circumstances of the war. And we cannot base ourselves on a strategy whose operation would demand a long delay.

Second factor: The Second Front. Must we forget it forever? Must we abstain from landing on European soil while Germany is still being held in the Asiatic steppes? Must we abstain from landing in northern Africa while it is still not completely in the hands of Germany? Must we abandon the idea of using Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia as air bases against Europe? Mr. de Seversky himself recognizes that war in the air is vitally dependent upon the quality of the bases. A good airplane whose base is far away has less value than a much less powerful airplane which can attack its enemy from a nearby base. If, therefore, America must renounce the occupation of bases in northern Africa or elsewhere, she must renounce in favor of many uncertainties all the certainties that are presented by the great boulevard of attack: Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia.

Third factor: Revolt in Europe. Today, Europe is seething with revolt. This is a considerable factor in favor of the United Nations. Therefore, in delaying until later the ending of the war, we run the risk that the physical and moral strength of the people of Europe will become dissipated, and that through her propaganda, Germany may have the time to turn them against America. In other words, many Americans believe that Mr. de Seversky's theory is impotent to aid Russia immediately, to create as swiftly as possible the second front, and to draw the maximum benefit from a European rebellion. On the contrary, they demand a well equipped army, better equipped than the German army, fleets of transport ships, an enormous stock of motorized equipment and guns; in brief, all those elements which make up the strength of the classical, traditional type of army. Therefore, since everything cannot be built at once, this presumes that aviation will be far from absorbing the potential totality of the war effort of the nation.

The developments of the future must not neglect the realities of the present.

HENRI DE KERILLIS.

Argentina Hopes

WHAT do the Argentine people think about the second front? What influence would it exercise upon Argentina?

The overwhelming majority of the people are democratic in ideas and feeling. The channels of public expression in connection with the war are practically closed to democratic opinion by a permanent state of siege proclaimed for this purpose. One recent example: the weekly *Argentina Libre* has been suspended for a month because of an article supporting the Allies, written by ex-minister Jose Maria Cantilo. As for the attitude of the leadership of the greatest popular parties and trade unions which tolerates this state of siege as the "normal" means of a government like Castillo's, which is devoid of any popular support—that is another matter.

In this situation the most accurate cross-section of democratic opinion is the Argentine movement of aid to the free peoples. Collaborating in this movement are men and women of all democratic party denominations; Radicals, Socialists, Socialist Workers, Communists, as well as professionals and trade unionists without party affiliation. There are five correlated organizations, to which a number of autonomous groups are linked, and their total membership is over 100,000. This is the most important mass grouping in Argentine history, with the single exception of the trade union movement.

Even more significant is the fact that the women's organization, the *Junta de la Victoria,* has now a really active membership of over 20,000, many times that of any other women's movement. It is comprised of women from all social classes, including so-called "society" ladies.

This movement sprang up in a single year, after the Nazi assault upon Soviet Russia, and is developing with increasing speed. Although its general aim is aid to all free peoples, over nine-tenths of the contributions are given for Russia, because the contributors feel that the decisive struggle is taking place there. With the fourth shipment to the Soviet Red Cross, sailing these days in Soviet ships, the total contributions have reached a value of 2,250,000 Argentine pesos, equivalent to 900,000 American dollars at United States prices. In proportion to our population, this sum is equivalent to $9,000,000 for the United States.

All these contributors regard themselves as part of the second front.

The starting date of the Argentine movement of aid, its popular basis, the relative importance of the contributions, are matter of fact proof of the Argentine state of mind about a second front.

Because of my constant communication with the mass of the movement, I can state that the disappointment after the June promises about the second front is growing daily. Also the contributions for Great Britain and the United States have practically disappeared.

The government's attitude toward these second front advocates is very revealing. Under notoriously false pretenses it persecutes the movement of aid and the principal leaders even more bitterly than it attacks any public expressions of favor for the Allied peoples and for American solidarity. Thus the Castillo government proves the weakness of its own position.

Just as it is evident that only a second front created *now* in Europe can destroy Hitler, and do it in a short time, it is also evident that only the second front can beat Hitler and his confederates in Argentina. The news that it had been initiated would be enough to cause a radical change in Castillo's attitude, obliging him to withdraw his support from the most reactionary sector of the oligarchy, as a hopeless investment, and give it instead to the very much more powerful pro-Allied sector, which now only tolerates him as an inevitable ill, but would no longer tolerate his policy when Hitler's tide turns.

The second front is thus as decisive for Argentine politics as for the war, and also as urgent. In a few months it could be too late for both.

DR. AUGUSTO BUNGE.

(President of the Argentine Democratic Committee for Solidarity and Aid to the Free Peoples)

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THE CEILINGS HENDERSON MUST HIT

The OPA's great responsibility in the war against inflation. The need to enforce ceilings. Labor's all-important role. Why wage freezing won't help. The planning that is needed.

Washington.

MUCH has been written and spoken about the need for an all-out war economy to meet the exigencies of the national emergency. As yet, however, words have been far bolder than action. As Earl Browder recently commented: "Our nation is only taking its first timid steps in reorganizing its economy." Undoubtedly hesitation and vacillation have delayed the prosecution of the war. Production still remains far below industrial capacity. And equally serious has been the failure to take firm steps against inflation.

Inflation is a great deal more imminent than is generally recognized. True, the defeatists and appeasers have demagogically bewailed the danger, attempting to impede the war effort by spreading fear and hysteria. But disregarding those who criticize as "inflationary" every administration action and who, under the banner of "sound economy," attempt to whip up a frenzy against the unions, the farmers, the small businessmen —disregarding the insincere alarm of misleaders who have stalled and weakened each administration attempt to halt inflation—the danger to our economy still remains.

By the time this is read, President Roosevelt will have discussed the problem in his Labor Day speech. Up to now the seven-point economic program first presented by him last April has to all intent been ignored. The neglect has already proved costly.

Among the war agencies grappling with inflation, the Office of Price Administration has the heaviest responsibility. The administrator, Leon Henderson, must place ceilings on prices and enforce these ceilings. He must ensure fair distribution of essentials, making certain that shortages do not cause undue hardships or fall too unequally on any group within the population. To date OPA has not discharged these obligations satisfactorily. Part of the fault lies in causes beyond Henderson's present control; but an incorrect understanding by Henderson and his assistants of OPA's function must also be blamed.

Leon Henderson is an able, vigorous, experienced administrator, known as a New Dealer, with a record of achievement behind him. In moments of stress he has been called "anti-labor," but the condemnation appears exaggerated. No one can challenge his desire to spare no effort to win the war and smash the Axis. He is untainted by the virus of appeasement and defeatism.

Moreover, Henderson's eagerness to prosecute the war has exposed him to the jibes and denunciations of the worst obstructionists in Congress and elsewhere. He has been called every name in the vocabulary of hate by his numerous enemies; he has been singled out as a New Deal symbol; in the unprincipled onslaught against the President and everything the President stands for—including the war against fascism—Henderson has been a favorite target. Much of his program has been sabotaged by the business-as-usual, politics-as-usual alliance in Congress and by certain groups of big business reactionaries. Henderson's attempt to keep living costs stable has been frustrated by the farm bloc, which forbade ceilings on agricultural commodities until these products reached 110 percent of parity. Ability to maintain price ceilings has been impaired by congressional unwillingness to appropriate sufficient funds for adequate enforcement. In other instances, ceilings have been evaded or violated; chiseling takes place—the quality of goods under a given ceiling has been reduced so that the public is forced to pay inflated prices for these goods.

Clearly, many of OPA's shortcomings cannot be attributed to Henderson and his colleagues. President Roosevelt recognized this when he denounced the intrigues of the farm bloc. By the time this is read, the President will undoubtedly have discussed methods to free Henderson's hands and allow him to function more effectively. But even granting full credit to Henderson for his accomplishments up to now, and with every allowance for lack of authority and lack of funds, the administrator must still be criticized for failing to exercise the power he could command to prevent inflation. Above all, Henderson has been riding his pet economic hobby horse so frantically that he has imperiled the whole seven-point program.

THE Emergency Price Control Act, passed early this year, specifically limited Henderson's jurisdiction over wages and salaries. The statute provides that "nothing in this Act shall be construed to authorize the regulation of (1) compensation paid by an employer to his employes. . . ." The language is neither hazy nor ambiguous. But Henderson has seen fit to ignore it. While unable to freeze wages by his own authority, he has made use of his great influence to become Washington's leading one-man pressure lobby for wage freezing.

Henderson's passion arises from his oft-repeated theory that unless wages are rigidly fixed, there can be no control of prices. Actually this theory does not withstand examination. Stabilization of wages is one thing—far different from the freezing that Henderson advocates. Both the CIO and AFL have accepted the principle of wage stabilization, as enunciated by the President in his seven-point program. Stabilization allows for wage adjustments in relation to living costs and for the lifting of substandard pay. The OPA could have gained valuable support had it advocated setting up wage stabilizing boards for each industry, with labor fully represented and having an equal voice with management and government. Such boards could have granted wage increases in substandard industries, eliminated inequalities both on a regional and between-industry basis, and adjusted wages to the cost of living. But Mr. Henderson would have none of it—he wanted to freeze pay once and for all without relation to living standards.

What bothered Henderson—or so he contended—was the increase in purchasing power that would accrue to workers if low wages were adjusted upward. The administrator declared that this increased purchasing power would result in such pressures on prices fixed by OPA that ceilings would be shattered. Henderson got quite panicky over this self-created specter, and, not content to shiver alone, he rushed around

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Washington frightening every other war agency with his home-made monster. He agitated the War Production Board, the Manpower Commission, the War Labor Board, the Army and Navy, in fact every agency within reach, and he even attempted to frighten the President with his nightmare. He brought the price administrator of Canada into his press conference and that gentleman obligingly explained how the Canadian government cracked down on the workers. Henderson seized delightedly on the Canadian precedent. Wage freezing would solve all.

But would it? Figures supplied by OPA's own research division proved the opposite. The majority of low income consumers (75.4 percent of American families in 1942) will, according to OPA figures, receive $238,000,000 *less* income this year than in 1941. Increased purchasing power will *not* be enjoyed by those earning $2,500 or less; rather, those receiving more than $2,500 will increase their incomes $11,098,000,000 over the 1941 level; and of this huge amount, over $7,000,000,000 will go to the relatively few receiving more than $10,000 a year. Wage adjustments, it appears, account for an insignificant part of new purchasing power.

LIKEWISE, in all his tirades, Henderson overlooked the very real fact that today unions advocate purchase by their members of war bonds up to ten percent of earnings; wherever possible, workers are attempting to save. Then, too, the principle of wage stabilization seems to elude Henderson, for stabilization holds wages within reasonable limits once pay levels have been adjusted to the price scale. One cannot brush aside the question of what to do about substandard wages, as Henderson is inclined to do. Workers unable to support themselves at minimum standards are not only rendered less efficient; their morale also suffers. The country needs the maximum effort of every person to increase and speed production —and that implies high morale. Yet the advocates of wage freezing encourage similar plans that would freeze workers to jobs of substandard pay—which once again would tend to undermine efficiency and morale, threatening a disastrous drop in production levels.

Henderson has busily sought adherents to his freezing panacea (and he has had the most eager supporters in anti-labor groups, in the reactionaries in big business, the union-hating newspapers, and in defeatist circles frantically devoted to impeding the war effort). So intense has been Henderson's preoccupation that he has failed to do his job as OPA administrator with the thoroughness and energy the task requires. Henderson admitted that he "doesn't dare" anticipate shortages in consumer goods. He "fears" rationing before the pinch of scarcity sets in. Instead of mobilizing popular sentiment for steps long accepted in England, for example, Henderson talks of rationing as though it were a punishment visited upon the American people in retribution for their transgressions. Unless everyone cooperates, he warns in effect, you'll all be rationed, and then see how you like it! But he knows very well that the most enthusiastic cooperation will not prevent shortages of many essentials. And he also knows that to postpone rationing until a shortage crisis occurs only encourages hoarding, profiteering, inequalities. Yet he draws back from positive action. He could do the nation a great service were he to begin to rally the people behind the principle of rationing instead of concentrating all energy on making the unions and the workers the whipping boys for every economic dislocation.

Besides, Henderson has been very lax in enforcing price ceilings. He cannot, I repeat, be blamed for food prices based on agricultural commodities which the farm bloc expressly forbade him to control. But he has not seen to it that standards of quality are maintained within established price ceilings. He has allowed certain ceilings to be upped with insufficient reason—as in the case of gasoline. He has made no real attempt to assure compliance with OPA regulations. It is estimated that at the present time about eighty-nine percent of

Investigate Him Now — Rudy Bass

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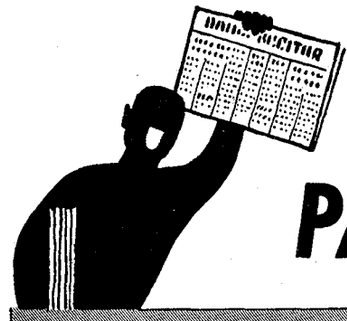
OPA's orders are violated. Granted that it requires a huge staff and a large field organization to maintain ceilings, and recognizing that Congress refused to appropriate the funds Henderson requested, the administrator has let things slide by refusing to enlist the public on his side of the all-important fight against inflation. He turned a cold shoulder to union proposals for community enforcement groups. He has been more than reluctant to mobilize consumers. Yet with the slightest encouragement, Henderson can command thousands of volunteers to enforce his policies.

Where OPA has grudgingly allowed unions and consumers to cooperate, price control has been far more effective than in districts where the people remain passive. In the West Virginia mining camps, price listings go unobserved in company stores which raise prices daily without OPA interference. In western Pennsylvania, however, members of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) insisted on participating in the OPA program. Unionists and their families became enforcement officers. "Get a sales slip showing the name, date, and address of the store, the item sold, and the price of the item you think is priced in violation of the order," the UE instructed its members. "Give this information with your name and address to a UE steward or to your local office, to be sent to District 6, or send it directly to District 6." The district office thereupon provides the information to the OPA in Pittsburgh and the OPA assigns an investigator to follow up with UE assistance. As the union puts it, "That's all there is to it!" The same system could be expanded to cover most communities in the nation. But Henderson holds back. He vetoed the plan presented by one of his own departments to train 200,000 women volunteers, for the most part housewives, who would check up and report immediately to the proper officials on the validity of prices posted in retail stores.

IN PLACE of all the positive action he could take against inflation, Henderson falls back on his magic formula—wage freezing. Whenever he is pinned down, he reveals that his prejudice stems from a stubborn conviction that any upward wage adjustment necessarily results in higher labor costs to the employer. Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, testified early this year that rising wage levels do *not* result in rising labor costs, because of technological and related factors. Henderson's argument is fallacious. It is also the outgrowth of a determined refusal to admit that even were labor costs to rise, such a condition in itself does not commit OPA to sanctioning higher prices. The amount and rate of profit are usually quite able to absorb this slight increase in cost. Profits are not, as Henderson seems convinced, irreducible.

This country has blundered enough in its haphazard attempts to forestall inflation. The war demands planning. Henderson protests that to him it is more important to prevent inflation than to coddle the labor movement. The opposition he sees exists only in his own mind. The labor movement is a powerful ally—the most powerful single ally that Henderson can enlist against inflation. Freezing substandard wages is not going to do the trick any more than a dose of castor oil can cure a man with a broken leg. Henderson has done much harm with his wage freezing campaign. He has isolated himself from the unions, he has antagonized many who could aid him, he has lost valuable time by neglecting to take measures that could prevent many economic headaches. Right now, labor wants Henderson to get going on his job and to forget his obsession. By this time, he can well be suspicious of the merits of his case in view of the support he has evoked from his enemies, the appeasers and defeatists. After all, on Henderson rests the responsibility for effective rationing and price control. That is a large order. He has his hands full—and anyway, the President created the War Labor Board to deal with wages. Henderson should get busy on his own duties.



PRESS PARADE

On the One Hand . . .

THE Sunday New York "Times" editorial section of August 30 revealed an interesting contradiction among its editors. Edwin James argued on one page that the Russians were doing fine; they were stronger than they seemed and therefore the second front could well be delayed until 1943. "Russians Seen as Able to Keep Going," read the headline. "New Counter-Attacks Indicate Stalin Has Strength to Fight Germans Through Second Winter—Then Second Front to Help." But Hanson Baldwin, the military expert, who has constantly understated Soviet achievements, held to his old line. Title on his article, on the very next page, was "Russia's Plight Serious Under German Pressure. United Nations May Be Forced to Take Earlier and Desperate Actions."

Martin—Look!

WE COMMEND to the attention of the Dies committee a certain advertisement that has appeared in the New York press. It is a large ad and so can't be missed. The headline reads: "47 Titles! 25,000 Books!" There is the further information that the books are only 44 cents each, six for $2.54, twenty for $8.29. The ad seems innocent enough, but no member of Martin Dies' staff need be deceived. For included with the ad is a photo of three of the books offered for sale, and the title of the first reads: "Capital, The Communist Manifesto," and underneath, large as life, are the words Karl Marx.

But this isn't the worst of it. The book immediately next to it is called "The Best Stories of Maupassant." We feel certain that if Mr. Dies looks into his files, he will find a very illuminating dossier on that notorious fellow-traveler Maupassant. The third volume in the ad bears the title, "Best American Humorous Short Stories." Of course, that's just a transmission belt for the Moscow party line. To clinch the point just take a look at some of the statements in the ad. "With the American home taking on more importance every day, sales like these are very important. Here are Russian classics, outstanding works of English authors, favorite children's stories"—but why go on? Do we need to be told that the name, Macy's, at the bottom of the ad is only the latest Communist front organization?

Wire to Washington

"IT OUGHT to be said bluntly and loudly enough to be heard by all the important makers of war policy that the MOST IMPORTANT NEED FOR CONTROLLING INFLATION TODAY IS A VIGOROUS SECOND FRONT TO SHORTEN THE WAR."—Harland Allen Economic Letter (Chicago).

[Readers are invited to contribute to this column. A year's subscription to NEW MASSES will be given for the best item submitted each week. Please enclose the press clipping from which the item is taken.]

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FIVE DOLLAR FEE

Young Dr. Reynolds saves a patient. A dentist in a small mid-western town tells a story based upon a day in his life.

"You men are doctors, trained in the art of diagnosis." Mr. W. H. Greenfield, expert in Dental Economics, was addressing the Monroe County Dental Society. "Yet," he continued, "before you is a patient, your own business, that constantly needs your attention."

A waitress tiptoed to the table and leaned over Dr. Reynolds' shoulder to whisper, "Your wife just phoned and asked to have you come home at once."

As he was leaving the room he heard the speaker say, "Dentistry is a business as well as a profession."

The doctor got his hat and topcoat and hurried out to his car. Wonder what Dora wants, he worried. Hope nothing is wrong with her. They were "expecting," but, that was still months away. "Wish she had come with me," he said to himself. "She would have enjoyed the steak; and the singing." Dr. Dawson's daughter had sung two numbers and the song "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" came to his lips.

Speeding along the highway, he thought back over incidents of the evening. Dr. Daniels is a card, he thought. He sure loves a crap game. He brings the "bones" to every meeting. "Come on seven." How he smiles when he rakes in the dough. This night cost me plenty. Two dollars for gas, one dollar for dinner, eighty cents for craps, fifteen cents tip and forty-five cents for drinks. Gone is—what I thought—an extra five dollars.

The five dollars had come from a small, middle-aged, dark complexioned woman with graying hair. Her head was covered with a 'kerchief; her dark cotton dress, black shoes and stockings were shabby. Her face looked hard from toil and hardship; yet in it there hovered a soft motherly expression. Again he saw her mouth; not a sound tooth in it.

I removed fourteen teeth and only charged her five dollars, he thought. Greenfield gave us hell for that kind of business. "Extracting teeth is surgery," Greenfield had told them. "There are risks involved and you should charge surgical fees."

"I don't want to set the world on fire, a da- de- da-" he sang. His thoughts drifted back to Greenfield's lecture. This six dollars an hour is something to think about. His statistics show the average office has one thousand productive hours per year. Six dollars per hour will bring $6,000. Thirty to fifty per cent overhead leaves $3,000 to $3,600 per year, net. Well, I wish that I were making it. Sure going to need it with a baby coming. "Da- de- da-" he hummed.

He remembered a caterpillar tractor excavating for a basement of a new home last week. I'll bet, he thought, when I go to build, that tractor will cost me six dollars an hour or more. There's no more invested there than I have tied up in education and equipment.

Rain was beginning to fall and he started the windshield wipers. Soon be home now. As he drove in the driveway, Dora came from the house to the porch and waved to him to stop. Dr. Reynolds set the brakes and climbed out.

"Hiya, hon!"

"Bob," she said almost hysterically. "Oh, I'm so glad you came. They've been trying to get you since nine o'clock."

"Who?"

"Some people out in the country. A funny name. They said the last time that they called that she was bleeding to death."

"Why didn't they call a physician?"

"But you extracted her teeth this morning," she almost screamed in reply.

"Well, why didn't you say so? Where do they live?"

"You go west on County Trunk C until you come to the Long Lake Road; then you go three miles north and a man will be waiting there with a lantern."

"Well, guess I better get going."

"I'm going with you."

"Gee whiz, hon! Hadn't you better get some sleep? You know."

"Yes, I know and I'm going with you. I could never sleep now."

"Okay, darling. Climb in."

He stopped at the office just long enough to get some instruments, towels, and gauze. Then he headed west.

"Have you enough gas?" Dora asked.

"Yes, tank filled this afternoon."

"Do you think she will die?"

"I don't think so."

"What makes her bleed?"

"Her blood does not coagulate properly. Probably some systemic derangement."

To keep Dora from worrying, he talked about the meeting that evening. "A fellow named Greenfield was the speaker tonight. He talked about practice management, economics, and credits. Interesting. He explained how an X-ray machine could be used as a practice builder; the necessity of a dental assistant and a deferred payment plan. He stressed basing your fees on a minimum of six dollars an hour."

"How crazy! You'll never build a practice if this woman dies."

Silence followed this blast. They both looked through the windshield as the raindrops, sparkling in the headlights' beam, struck the pavement. The windshield wipers clicked back and forth. The motor purred. The tires sounded a breaking, sticky noise as they sped along on the pavement.

"Well, it's not my fault," he suddenly blurted. "I should have put her in a hospital."

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, you could see she had no money. I told her we should have three sittings. She said that it was so difficult for them to get to town; that they lived out in the country and did not have a car. So I took a chance and removed them all in one sitting. And what a mess. You should have seen it. I'm glad you didn't, though. I feel positive that had I even suggested hospital she never would have consented. And they had to be removed."

At last the faint glow of a lantern shone in the night.

"Poor fellow, he must be frozen stiff in this rain," Dora said as the car pulled up alongside the man.

Rolling down the window, Bob stuck his head out. The cold rain cut his face.

"You come at last. Good," the man spoke in a foreign accent.

"Yep, we finally got here."

"You got chains?"

"Yes. How far is it?" He wondered whether to walk or put on the chains—neither task appealed to him.

"About a one mile. Road bad. Slippery in rain."

"Okay. Chains are under the seat. Guess you'll have to take a back seat, Dora, while we put on the chains."

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It took fifteen minutes of swearing, grunting labor. His topcoat, creased trousers, and highly polished shoes were wet and muddy. Water streamed from his hat. His fingers were dirty and cold.

"Let's go!" he said, and wiped his hands with a clean handkerchief.

From the back seat, Dora quizzed their passenger.

"Your wife—how is she?"

"She bleed, long time now. Lose lots of blood."

"We came just as quick as the doctor returned. Didn't waste a minute. You must be wet and cold. Wait long?"

"Oh! Maybe two hour. Dat's awright. Doctor come now."

Just a wagon trail, the remaining mile, bumps, puddles, a winding trail, uphill and down. He shifted gears, put on the brakes, stepped on the gas, inching along. What a night!

A LIGHT ahead. Then, from out of the darkness, as the road sharply turned, a log cabin in the shining headlights.

"Dis way, doctor." The farmer led the way to the cabin. They wiped their feet on a gunny-sack rug and entered. A wood fire crackled in the kitchen stove where a tea kettle was steaming lazily. In the center of the room stood a drop leaf table, covered with worn, clean oilcloth. From a joist hung a large, round burner kerosene lamp. In one corner stood a wash stand; a galvanized water pail on it. Near by on a wall, hung a roller towel. A home made kitchen cabinet filled another corner. There was a wood box filled with split birc and maple. Alongside it hung a woodsman's cross-cut saw. A varied assortment of clothes hung from nails driven into the logs. Dora's gaze traced the black stove pipe up, past the joists, and through the roof. How funny, she thought, no ceiling.

Dr. Reynolds removed his hat and coat and walked directly into the dimly lit second room. In the far corner to the left, two small children were sleeping in a homemade bed. To his right, in the near corner, his patient lay propped up in another bed. Near the head of the bed, on a queer looking trunk, sat a slender girl of fifteen or sixteen years with a towel in her hand, wiping her mother's face.

"How are you, Mother?" he said. Why did he call her "Mother," he thought. As he wondered, he noticed a picture of a boyish face in the uniform of a US sailor. "Your boy?"

A smile answered him.

With a flashlight from his kit, he examined the contents of a large porcelain bowl on the floor. Water, some saliva, and much blood. Returning to the kitchen, he rolled up his sleeves, poured some hot water into a shiny tin wash basin, and thoroughly washed his hands with the soap in the porcelain saucer.

"This hot water sure feels good on cold fingers," he said.

The farmer rummaged around and found a clean towel.

Back at the bedside Bob spread a towel, then his instruments and gauze, on the bed. With a mouth mirror, he retracted the cheek and, with the aid of a flashlight, examined the mouth. Large, dark clots of blood clung to the sockets of the recently extracted teeth. But, underneath the clots and close to the gum tissue, rivulets of bright red blood exuded. Going to the foot of the bed, he swung it away from the wall.

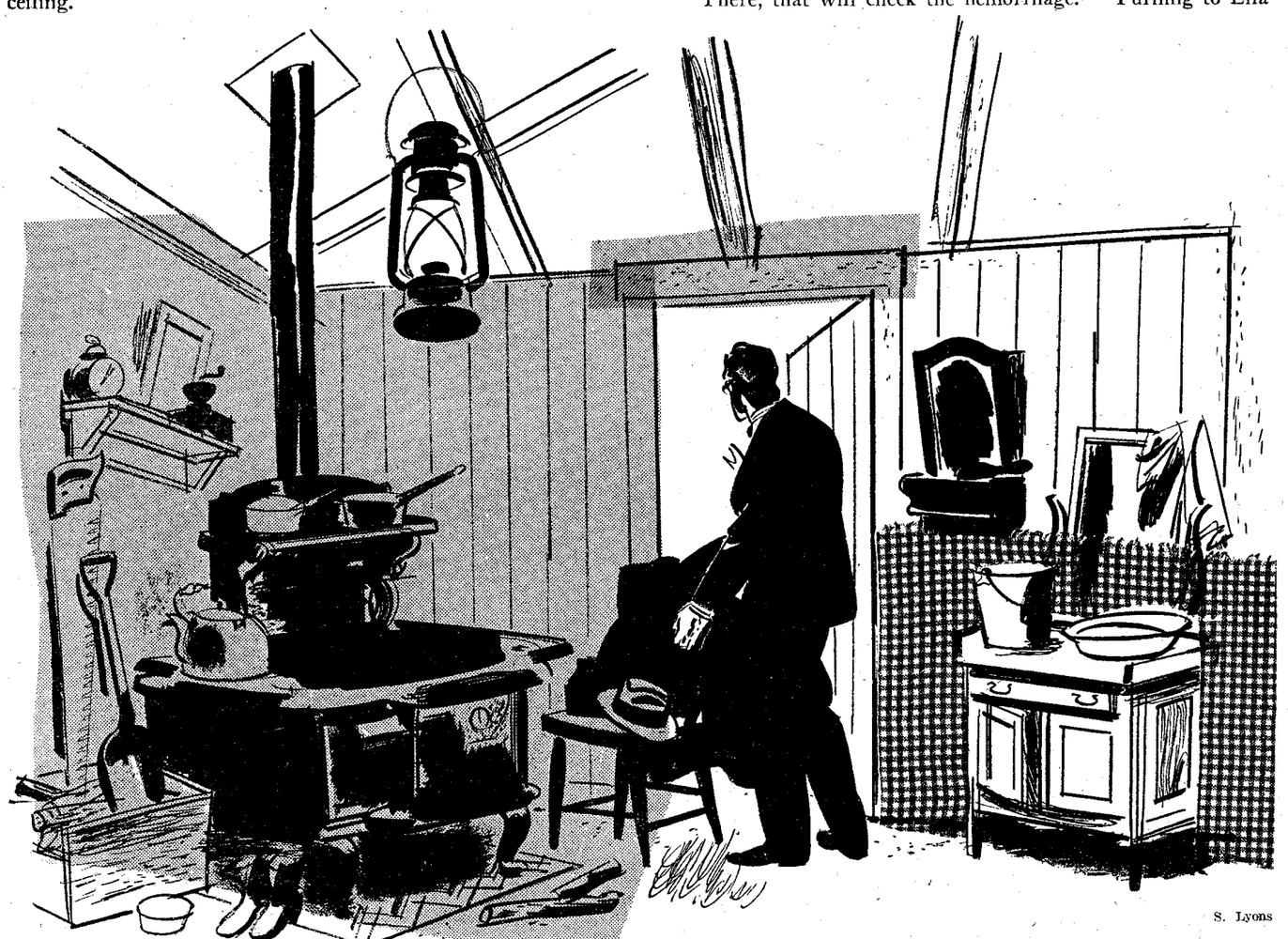
"What is your name?" he asked the girl.

"Eila."

"Well, Eila, you go over to the other side of the bed and hold the light for me, please. Thank you."

With gauze he sponged the dark clots from the ridge and noticed that the blood flowed freely. Cutting narrow strips of gauze in short lengths, he swiftly packed the sockets.

"There, that will check the hemorrhage." Turning to Eila



S. Lyons

"A wood fire crackled in the kitchen stove where a tea kettle was steaming lazily."

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he asked, "Do you remember when she started bleeding?"

"About four or five o'clock."

"Has she had anything to eat?"

"She tried to drink a little milk at supper time."

"I wonder if she will not drink some for us. Dora, you and Eila see if you can fix some nice warm milk, or better yet, an egg nog."

TAKING his patient's hand he felt for her pulse. Not accustomed to how full it should be, he thought. Then he laid two fingers along the patient's throat, in the molar region, under the jaw, where he had often felt the pulse beat when working at the chair. Don't like this, he thought. This is more in the physician's realm and no telephone here. They must have called from some neighbors. Nineteen miles to Glen Valley and fifteen more to Monroe. She probably needs a blood transfusion. His wrist watch showed ten minutes to three. By the time that they got her dressed—well, he could make it by five-thirty.

As the girls entered with the hot drink, Bob returned to the kitchen.

"You like some hot coffee?" John poured a dipper full of water in the coffee pot.

"That will be swell, John."

Bob pulled a chair to the table and studied the farmer. He was small, about five feet, eight inches—wiry black hair that wanted to stand up straight, and small black eyes. Probably fifty years old.

"Live here long, John?"

"Oh, maybe twenty year."

"You must have been here when they logged these parts."

"Ya! Lumber boss owe me money. He give me this," pointing to the cabin, "and twenty acre."

"How many cows?"

"One cow, one calf, one horse, two pig. Ah—maybe twenty chicken."

"How do you pay taxes?"

"Work on road. Winter time catch wolf. Some time five, some time six. One year catch ten." His voice rose with enthusiasm on the last sentence.

"John, I'm going to take the Missus to the hospital. Okay?"

John turned to the coffee pot without answering.

"We are going to give her a blood transfusion. We will take some one with lots of blood and give her some."

Whirling, he looked at Bob. "Me?"

"No. You stay—"

"She save-a my life once," he interrupted. "Back in old country. Finland. See." Down came a suspender strap and up came his shirt and undershirt. Raising his left arm, he showed an ugly scar along his ribs. "She take-a underskirt and wrap." He went through the motions of winding a bandage around his body. "Then she take-a me her home."

Bob rose to examine the scar. "Pretty close call."

"Machine gun. Mannerheim. Son no mo bits." After a moment the harshness left his face and voice. "She save-a my life, doctor, maybe now I pay back."

"That's fine of you, John, and I know how you feel, but it's better that you stay here with the children. We'll take good care of her and bring her back in a few days."

The girls returned to the kitchen. Eila, seeing her dad making coffee, got cups, cream and sugar.

"I was just telling John, Dora, that we would take his wife to the hospital. So when you have finished your coffee, get her dressed nice and warm and we'll take her with us."

They dressed the patient and then Bob said, "Come on, Mother, put your arms around my neck." He tucked her legs around his waist, placed his arms beneath her knees, and carried her to the car.

AT GLEN VALLEY he stopped and telephoned the hospital, asking that preparations be made for his patient and that a physician be called. At the hospital a blood test revealed type two.

"I'll see whom I can get for a donor. Can they pay twenty-five dollars?" the interne asked Bob.

"Type two. That's me. I helped earn my way through school that way."

"Okay, doctor, you're the boss."

ON THE way home in the morning with the sun shining through scattered clouds, they drove in silence for miles. At last Bob turned to his wife. "Tired, hon?"

"Yes, Bob, but oh so relieved. I was terribly frightened that she would die." She paused and then asked teasingly, "Will you charge her six dollars per hour?"

"Funny, I was just asking myself that. 'Dentistry is a business as well as a profession.' M-m-m—that's true, all right. But what are you going to do when people's needs are more than—" He broke off: "What would *you* charge her?" he demanded. They looked at each other, and both laughed a little. Bob relaxed, slumping slightly behind the wheel, and pressed his foot on the accelerator. "I don't want to set the world on fire . . ." he sang.

THOMAS BARTON.

Peter the Plowman

All the sunlight fell on all the people,
clashed with the headlights of the motorcars,
battled in brightness with the windowpanes,
poured like an army out of the sky;

attacked the faces, telling
how they hide behind their tightened lips,
and each one glances at the tattling light
and fear sits in the corner of each eye;

and the sunlight was no good to them.
They ran down the street, they were in a hurry
to get back to the shady nook in hell
where they lie down with arms around their worry
in decent privacy. Then I,

I the songmaker, the sun's conscious lover,
had my vision, not in dreamy weather,
nor in lightning nor the burning bush,
but soberly in winter while the sun
lit up the loneliness of everyone;

saw myself and all the songmakers
as hollow bugles to the people's mouth
speaking the Judgment word. I heard
the tombs explode; I saw the dead arise.
I saw fear leave the corners of their eyes;

I was never the flesh, never the spirit,
I was never the speaker nor the spoken
word nor the will nor the puff of breath even,
but through me rolled the everlasting sound
dragging the sleepers up from underground;

Poet, poet, you are the people's trumpet;
golden and clean put yourself to their lips,
tear yourself apart to shout their word
so that no gun is louder, no fear is louder,
no frightening bell is louder in its steeple;

till all the sunlight shines on all the people.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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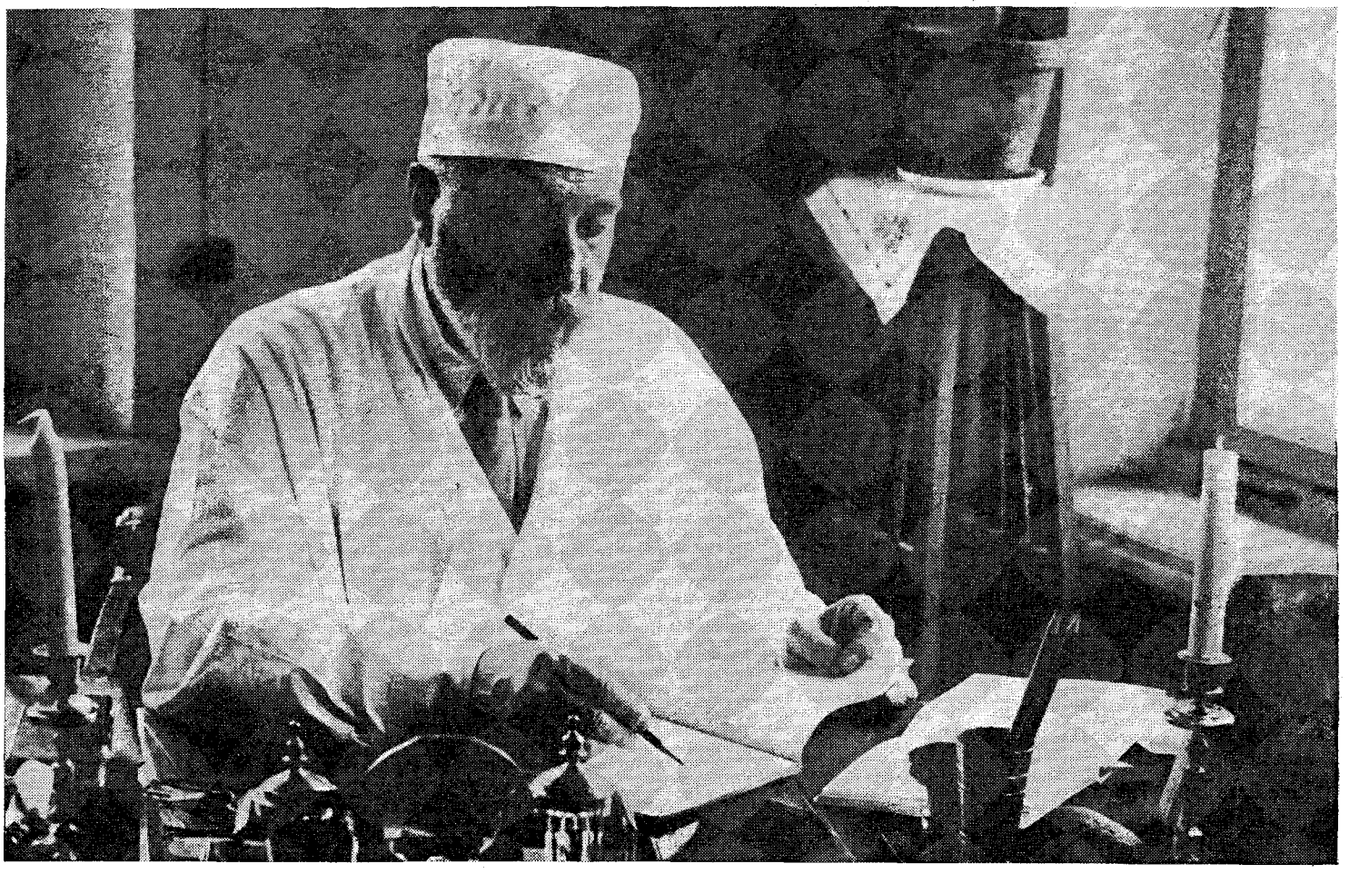

Dr. Vladimir Filatov of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. He has saved the sight of hundreds by grafting the cornea from the eye of a dead person to the eye of a living patient.

SOVIET QUEST

Arresting old age—a dream moving to reality in the USSR's laboratories. The search to find new sight, new limbs for those blinded and crippled in the war.

"If man were completely deprived of the ability to dream, if he could never look ahead and mentally conceive in an entire and completed picture the results of the work he is only just commencing, then I cannot imagine what stimulus there would be to induce man to undertake and complete extensive and fatiguing work in the sphere of art, science and practical work. . . . If there is some connection between dreams and life then all is well."—Quoted by Lenin from Pisarev in "What Is To Be Done."

A FEW years ago I wrote a short story for an American magazine—a somewhat grotesque fantasy about a young biologist who stumbled across the possibility of producing complete regeneration of damaged and amputated limbs. He was himself the accidental experimental subject and was driven mad by the fear of personal immortality and the knowledge that the power of regeneration was dependent upon the modification of cancer cells transplanted from a rat. I did not realize at the time how close was this fantasy to the real possibilities opening up in the spheres of experimental biology and human surgery.

Many are the physicians, surgeons, biologists, and philosophers who have speculated upon such fascinating themes as the arrest of old age, regeneration, rejuvenation, and grafting. These closely linked problems are only now being removed from the realms of fantasy. Only during the past fifty years have we been able to tackle them scientifically—practically.

The valuable additions to our knowledge which have been made in the rest of the world have constituted the basis for the planned approach to these problems by Soviet medical science.

Millions throughout the world have been amazed since the beginning of the great battle which is raging in the eastern plains of Europe, by the proof that the Soviet peoples know what they are fighting for. Millions of Soviet citizens have shown their readiness to destroy all their possessions, to give more than life itself, in defense of their freedom to continue in the way of life which they had established. Is it any wonder, then, that the prolongation of life itself has become for them a practical problem?

Millions are being blinded, maimed, scarred, and crippled by the hideous destruction of this war. Is it any wonder that the problem of restoring these people to a useful state is being tackled at its roots?

The people that built the Dnieper Dam refuse to accept the biblical threescore years and ten as the normal span of healthy life. They refuse to be restricted to the limitations of existing medical and surgical skill. The blind *shall* be made to see, the crippled *shall* be made to walk again, lost limbs *shall* be restored. This is the dream that lies behind the work of men like Bogomoletz, Filatov, and Lapchinski. The fantasies of the ages are being transformed into facts in laboratories and clinics. The "realists" of the Soviet Union are leading the way.

ALREADY the vision of Soviet Medical Science has outgrown the conception of "normality" as an ultimate objective. Increasingly with the establishment of a general basis of economic security the role of medicine was bound to emerge from

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the purely preventive and curative to an acceptance of its responsibility for changing not only human nature but the human frame itself. Once and for all we must leave behind the conception that socialism aims at any equalitarian poverty. Equally we must not restrict our conceptions of socialized medicine in the Soviet Union to the mere eradication of disease. The possibilities of medical science are only just emerging. The struggle in the Soviet Union for a basic theory of pathology is a reflection of the fact that this emergence cannot take place smoothly. The very fact of conflict in the realm of theory is a sign of virility and health.

Bogomoletz, President of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian SSR, has recently been awarded a Stalin Prize for Medicine for his work on pathological physiology. In contrast to Speransky's concentration upon the role of the central nervous system in local pathological processes, Bogomoletz insists upon the anatomical and functional unity of the center with the periphery. In an earlier work he developed the idea of the "physiological system of the connective tissues." He describes the connective tissues as a "root" for the other tissues, as a link between the blood and the rest of the body. He attempts to attribute cancer and the degenerative changes associated with old age to changes in these supporting tissues. It is impossible to evaluate this work without careful study of the original publications and of the experimental work upon which they are based. What is of immediate interest, however, is the attempt to establish a theoretical synthesis and the vast amount of practical study which is accompanying this attempt. The problem of old age and of the possibility of extending the probable duration of life has been one of Bogomoletz's particular interests.

One approach is based upon the above conception of the role of the supporting structures. Attempts are being made to find specific stimulants to prevent the degeneration of these tissues. This is associated with an intense study of the general physiology and pathology of the aged. A large group of individuals who have lived to the age of between 100 and 150 were found to be remarkably free from the changes generally considered as typical of old age—arterio-sclerosis (the hardening of the arteries), emphysema (a degenerative change in the lungs), brittleness of the bones, etc. These changes are regarded as preventable diseases. Physiological old age is characterized merely by the gradual restriction of the functions of the organism and of capacity for adaptation to environmental changes.

THIS study is not confined to the Soviet Union. Medical science throughout the world has tended of late to pay more attention to these chronic diseases, e.g. to the various forms of chronic crippling arthritis. Nevertheless, in the Soviet Union the approach has been more deliberate and facilities have been greater. The study of these conditions, which vary so widely in their behavior, and continue over such long periods of time, needs to be correspondingly prolonged and widespread. Detailed records are required for the whole period of the disease. Hundreds of thousands of individuals must be studied. Records must be compiled from numerous centers on a unified basis. Wide cooperation is required between hospitals, sanatoria, rest homes, and the doctors who look after the patients at home. This can be achieved only where a unified medical system exists. Such studies can be made only where the aged and the chronic sick are given adequate care and attention. Only too often they have been regarded as a burden on society, and in hospitals have been segregated and regarded as an "inferior" type of patient. This attitude has been ended in the Soviet Union. A new future is visualized for those whose labors have earned them rest, security, and happiness in their old age. At the same time the changing conditions of social and medical care open up new possibilities for study of the conditions which have been for so long regarded as just "senility."

The planned attack upon the problem of grafting tissues and organs has reached a higher level of actual achievement. The present position is summarized in a recent article by Lapchinski, of the Institute of Experimental Biology of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, a close associate of Professor Filatov, whose work on the grafting of the corneal membrane from the dead to restore the sight of the living is already known throughout the world.

Lapchinski begins by challenging the pessimistic conclusion which many workers had reached that "real" survival and long-maintained functioning of homoplastic grafts, i.e. grafts from another individual of the same species, was impossible in mammals. In human plastic surgery we have been accustomed to limit the possibilities of grafting skin, bone, tendon, nerve, etc., to tissues from the individual requiring them (autoplastic). Very often it is impossible to obtain the necessary tissue. Filatov has shown that grafts of the corneal membrane (which covers the front of the eye) can be successfully transferred from the dead to the living *and that such grafts can and do survive and function*. This membrane depends for its nutrition on fluids which reach it from without. It has no blood supply of its own. Lapchinski is out to prove that it is theoretically possible to extend this work to more elaborate tissues and organs. He produces evidence that in rats it is possible to graft a whole limb from one animal to another with the possibility of prolonged survival (five and one half months), development of sensation, and growth of the grafted limb.

This achievement is not an isolated incident. Similar success was reported by Justin Schwind, an American biologist, in 1938. It is only part of the development of our mastery of this problem. Lapchinski traces some of the phases of the struggle. He shows how the earlier workers did not adequately distinguish between autoplastic (from the same individual), homoplastic (from another individual of the same species), and hetero-plastic (from an individual of a different species) trans-

A seriously wounded Red Army man undergoes an operation in a hospital near the front lines.

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plants. Neither did they realize that transplanted tissues could fulfill a useful function without actually surviving as a functioning part of the host (the individual receiving the graft). Dead beef-bone may serve as a scaffolding to allow union to take place in a fracture. Living bone from another or from the same individual may act in this way. Some have maintained that it can only act thus. Portions of the sex glands may act in various ways. They may act merely as a stimulant to the existing glands of the host during the process of their absorption. This may account for some of the apparent success of the original "monkey gland" rejuvenation experiments of Voronoff, the results of which were very transient. Filatov suggests that in some of his cases good results have been due to the stimulating effect of the membrane causing the regeneration of new tissues from the host. "Effective" survival for a period of time, with confirmation of normal functioning by subsequent microscopic study, must be distinguished from "primary survival" or "sham survival" for short periods. Many of the earlier spectacular grafts did not survive the test of time. This, however, must not be regarded as proof that such survival is impossible, so much as a stimulus to study and removal of the obstacles which stand in the way of the wide use of tissue and organ transplants from mammal to mammal and from man to man.

At present it would seem that there are two main obstacles to be overcome. The first is that of the maintenance of blood supply to the graft. Complex organs or grafts of any size cannot function if they are without an adequate blood supply for any length of time. This difficulty is overcome in many autoplastic grafts by leaving the graft attached at one end by a pedicle which continues to allow normal circulation while the other end secures a new attachment. This is the principle of the pedicle skin graft. It is also used by the orthopedic surgeons in moving bone from one place to another close to, leaving muscles and ligaments attached. The problem clearly is infinitely more difficult in grafts from another individual. It has been solved in rats by parabiosis, by artificially joining the animals together as "Siamese twins." They can be trained to feed and live happily in this condiiton for the necessary few days. It is also easier in such small animals than in larger mammals because of the distance to be traversed by the developing new blood supply. Nevertheless the beginning of a solution is in sight. The recent work of Best (of Insulin fame) and others in Toronto has shown that a substance Heparin can be used to prolong the clotting time of the blood and enable blood vessels to be sewn together with very little danger of clotting interfering with subsequent function. In animals and in men a number of remarkable technical performances have shown that the possibilities are tremendous. From the purely technical point of view there is nothing impossible about the grafting of whole organs from one individual to another.

THE second main trouble is that of tissue compatibility. Blood, which is in fact a kind of tissue graft, can be transferred only from one person to another of the same blood group, of which there are four. A recent annotation in the *Lancet,* the British medical journal, suggests that the problem of tissue-grafting in man is as though there were many thousands of such groups, the chance of survival being correspondingly small. In the experiments of Schwind and Lapchinski the results were achieved only in litter mates from a strain of animals that had been closely inbred for generations. Further extension of the possibility is dependent upon being able to modify such tissue compatibility in the host or in the graft. Already the progress which is being made in various fields, in the study of blood and transfusion, in the study of the transplantation of cancerous tumors in animals, in the work of Carrel and others upon tissue culture, in the various factors concerned with wound healing—all suggest that progress will continue to be made. The solution to the problem of successful tissue-grafting from one human being to another or from the dead to the living is dependent upon the correlation of work in a number of different fields. The biologist and chemist must be able to work in close conjunction with the physician and surgeon. Experimental medicine must not be limited to a few institutions. Much can be done with the minimum of risk to the individual patient, provided that the problems can be seen and tackled in a big enough way. Certain types of cases must be concentrated where they can be best studied and treated. Individual treatment can be completely harmonized with the necessary development of science. Soviet institutions and the structure of the Soviet health services are better adapted to the soluion of such problems than are those of any other country. It will be no accident if Soviet medical science continues to play a leading role in the elucidation of problems of this kind. The rat and cancer will contribute to the solution of the problem of tissue-grafting, but the fear of the unknown will disappear with man's progressive mastery of his own fate.

RUSCOE CLARKE.

Medical research to win the war. Hundreds of Soviet women are engaged in this vital scientific work.

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How Long?

IN THE first week of September—a week in which the second front was never so badly needed—there was a definite lull in second front talk and second front declarations. There were pro and con statements, to be sure, but you could not tell from the news alone whether a second front was imminent or a long way off. For example, the Polish prime minister, Wladislav Sikorski, speaking from London on the third anniversary of the war, repeated his many earlier appeals for immediate action; both he and the Polish minister to the United States, Jan Ciechanowski, speaking in New York, expressed the fear that if the Allied action were further delayed, virtually the whole Polish nation faced extermination. A second front now—rather than sometime next year—could mean all the difference in the world for the conquered peoples.

On the other hand, while the CIO Executive Board took the significant step of expressing the hope that greater production would realize "the people's earnest desire for the supreme offensive—the second front"—Adm. Ernest King, speaking at ceremonies in Ohio, projected the peak of our offensive as coming next year, and emphasized that we have eight fronts to take care of right now. And Peter Fraser, prime minister of New Zealand, visiting the White House last week, spoke disparagingly of those "who talk glibly of a second front"—indications, if we may judge by them, that the full seriousness of the war's crisis still is not understood in high places.

On the third anniversary of the war, there were many statements which point to offensive action—the British Army's review of three years' events, for example, which said that all army training is now directed toward an offensive on the continent. And there were many declarations that the tide is now turning in favor of the democratic side. But it was not clear whether the statements for the offensive had *this year,* and *this year's crisis,* in mind—or were merely abstract considerations for the future. Likewise, all the optimism to the effect that Hitler has been exhausted and is now on the downgrade ignore the basic changes in the military perspective that would develop if the Germans were able to take Stalingrad. (See Colonel T.'s article this week on page six.) For, in the absence of a second front, it is by no means certain that the tide has changed, that Hitler is on the downgrade. On the contrary, the Axis will retain the initiative, and will have secured such strong positions as to make our ultimate victory uncertain and the chances of an ultimate offensive much more difficult than it would be today.

Evidence that it is still the Axis which has the initiative came in all the speculation about the resignation of the Japanese foreign minister, Togo, and the continued withdrawal of Japanese troops in Chekiang. It is hard to say what these events mean in so many words; it does not necessarily follow that because Togo was associated with the Soviet-Japanese neutrality agreement of April 1940 that an attack on Siberia is impending. But it does mean change. It does imply basic decisions of strategy in Tokyo. The absence of initiative on the Allied side constitutes almost an invitation to the Japanese to choose their next major theater of operations—an attack in the north, or an attack in western India's industrial regions. How long can we permit the Axis such freedom of choice, such initiative? How long can we possibly delay the second front, that great stroke which alone would mean the turning point, the military, political, psychological turning point of the whole struggle?

They Want to Fight

FOR some time now the country has been arguing the advisability of lowering the draft age to include the youth of eighteen and nineteen. Last week Sen. Chan Gurney of South Dakota took the bull by the horns and introduced legislation to bring them into the army. His proposals follow by several days the warning of Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, that the remaining supply of men who were "reasonably able-bodied" and without dependents was small and decreasing "so rapidly that it will be exhausted in a matter of months." This was further underscored when the Army raised the enlistment age to fifty.

Obviously it is necessary to dig deeper into our sources of manpower. That is one of the exigencies of this war and it must be faced. If the Army needs more men—and clearly it does—more men of all categories will have to go. The Army has been quite explicit on the question of men under twenty, it wants and needs them. This is the kind of war where youth—with its hair-trigger reflexes and greater endurance—is at a higher premium than ever. Experience has shown that the finest pilots, the surest bombardiers, the canniest gunners—the soldiers who need the quick eye and steady hand—come from the youth. It's that kind of war. When the Army requires more men the married men and those with dependents will go too—all the more readily as adequate provisions are made for their families.

Do the youth want to go? Their attitude was well presented over the radio several days ago by a lad of eighteen who said: "The government wouldn't draft eighteen-year-olds unless it needed them urgently. If it needed them urgently and Congress refused to draft them, it wouldn't matter whether or not eighteen-year-olds were alive to build a post-war world. The Axis would probably have won."

This is the spirit that should pervade Congress on this issue. Certain congressmen, speculating in election day returns, have been afraid to tamper with this question. These are the men who play politics with our nation's life: these men must be defeated. Rep. James W. Wadsworth of New York talked directly to them when he said, "Drafting of eighteen-nineteen-year-old boys is inevitable and I feel it should be done immediately and should not be left to become an election issue." And Senator Gurney reflected the will of America's fathers and mothers when he said they are "ready to make every sacrifice." They are ready and so are their sons. That's the spirit that guarantees victory.

Student Manifesto

THERE can be no mistaking the position of world youth in this war: it made itself sufficiently clear—if further evidence were needed—at the International Student Assembly in Washington last week. The delegates of thirty-eight nations, many of them in the fighting uniforms of their lands, affixed their signatures to a manifesto which will bring heart to millions in the oppressed countries, and which can bring light to other millions of their compatriots and allies, old as well as young.

Foremost, their manifesto made clear, is the necessity to win the war and toward that end they will spare no sacrifice "at home or on the battlefield." They saw the relation of a Second Front to victory: "We await the signal,"

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the delegates said. "Our leaders know that we stand united to back up with action their pledges to the Soviet Union for invasion of the European continent in the shortest possible time."

The youth of today are far-sighted: they looked ahead, too, to the time after the war. They urged a real "people's century"—one in which "imperialism and all its evils" will be abolished forever. And they saw, with characteristic clarity, that the peace will be determined, to a great degree, by the way the war is fought. *"Our actions are now deciding the peace,"* they said. For that reason, they called upon the United Nations to "recognize the principle of independence for the colonials and equal rights and opportunity for national, religious, and racial minorities." They urged the immediate resumption of negotiations between Great Britain and India toward the granting of political freedom "to mobilize the Indian people for an all-out war effort alongside the United Nations."

Their manifesto highlighted the four-day conference: it can be regarded as a call to the youth everywhere to take their rightful positions of leadership in achieving victory and in winning the kind of world that will be done forever with fascism.

The conference closed with the construction of machinery to carry forward their resolutions. The deliberations, the conclusions of these young champions of liberty, can well be studied by their elders: within these deliberations lay the stuff of victory. Lieut. Liudmila Pavlichenko—student guerrilla of the Soviet Union who killed 309 Nazis—and her colleagues have much to teach the rest of us of an older generation.

WPB Invites Labor

At last it looks as though organized labor is going to be given a real voice in the war production setup. After a conference between Donald Nelson, War Production Board chairman, and Presidents Murray and Green of the CIO and AFL, it was announced that the two labor organizations would submit a list of some of their best men, to be considered by Nelson for administrative posts, with the possibility that two may be appointed vice-chairmen of the WPB; that a five-man committee, consisting of two labor and two management representatives and an impartial chairman, would be established to direct the production drive in the 1,300 war plants where labor-management committees have been set up; that closer relations will be developed between representatives of labor and the various branches of the WPB.

These steps are long overdue. They should mark the beginning of more active participation of the trade union movement in every phase of the planning and direction of the war production program. Had labor's advice on expanding the production of steel, copper, aluminum, and other strategic materials been heeded months ago and had labor men been given posts of responsibility, many of the shortages and other costly blunders that are now hampering production could have been avoided. This is not a question of greater power for the organized workers, but of greater power for the production of the planes and tanks and guns needed to beat the Axis in the shortest possible time. The fact is that the workers of America not only have ideas and skill and initiative, but unlike so many of the dollar-a-year men that have entrenched themselves in Washington, they have no private economic interests that stand in the way of national interest.

Spending and Taxing

Nine months after Pearl Harbor the country is still without a tax program to help win the war. The Treasury's proposals, first advanced in March, have been mangled or discarded by a Congressional coalition of southern poll-taxers and northern appeasers hell-bent on shielding the corporations and shellacking the people. During the past week the Senate Finance Committee continued to toil manfully over the job of emasculating an already weak House bill. As passed by the House, the measure was $2,400,000,000 short of what Secretary Morgenthau called minimum requirements. And the Senate committee's depredations have knocked out another $1,250,000,000. But these small-bore politicians-as-usual—men like Senators George, Byrd, Taft, and Vandenberg—have a happy solution for the problem: a sales tax.

It is against this background of reactionary sabotage that a new Treasury proposal, the spending tax, comes into the picture. This proposal, plus another for lowering the income tax exemptions, is designed to raise an additional $6,500,000,000 in revenue, of which $4,500,000,000 would be forced savings returnable after the war. The spending tax is divided into two parts: (1) ten percent of total spendings over $500 for a single person, $1,000 for a married person, and an additional $250 for each dependent, to be deducted at the source as forced savings; (2) a spending surtax ranging from ten to seventy-five percent on spendings over $1,000 for a single person, $2,000 for a married couple, and an additional $500 for each dependent.

The reactionaries in control of the Senate Finance Committee have denounced the proposed spending tax and are clamoring for a retail sales tax. Pending further study of the new Treasury plan, New Masses offers these tentative comments:

The spending tax is definitely preferable to the sales tax for at least three reasons: it would exclude the very lowest income groups; part of it would be graduated so as to fall most heavily on those who spend most; and the greatest part of the tax would really be savings to be returned after the war.

On the other hand, in the context of what Congress has been doing about taxes, the proposal bears the distinct odor of appeasement. It is an attempt to evade the issue raised by the refusal of the Congressional defeatists and obstructionists to tax the corporations in a win-the-war spirit. And like all such gestures, instead of appeasing it has only whetted the appetite of those whom it was designed to placate. A spending tax may be necessary, but it should supplement, not substitute for effective taxes—such as President Roosevelt urged in his seven-point economic program—on corporation profits and excess profits.

Farley's Plot

Having staged an inner party putsch against President Roosevelt, Jim Farley is now trying to wipe out the right of other political parties to fight the fifth column in the elections. Farley has engineered a conspiracy designed to bar the Communists from their legal place on the New York State ballot. Under Farley's instigation, officials of the Albany County American Legion are contesting the validity of 50,000 signatures on the Communist Party's nominating petition. Evidence is at hand that Legion officials approached signers in Warren, Saratoga, and Columbia Counties, threatening them in storm-trooper fashion in an effort to make them rescind their signatures.

That this is merely a pretext for attacking the right of franchise is clearly indicated by Secretary of State Michael F. Walsh, who has pointed out that all the requirements of the law have been met in the nominating petitions. But Farley and his Albany County friends will now attempt to accomplish through intimidation what they cannot achieve legally. A hearing on the Legion objections to the Communist Party nominating petition will be heard September 14 before Supreme Court Justice Francis Burgan.

Farley's wrath against the Communist candidates may be explained very simply. These candidates have pointed out, with incontrovertible evidence, that Farley's man for governor of New York, John J. Bennett, has

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openly expressed admiration of fascism. They have consistently exposed the Coughlinite, anti-Roosevelt, appeasement ideas which the Farley-dominated elements of the Democratic Party support. They have branded Farley and his men as copperheads.

If any further proof of these charges were needed, it may now be found in this fascistic threat to elementary constitutional rights. To allow the copperheads to win on this issue is to hand Hitler a major victory on a silver platter. The people of New York State are in no mood to tolerate this sort of thing. But they must be sure to speak out with all their force against this abominable attack. A similar plot by Boss Flynn succeeded in 1940. Farley must learn that democracy means business in 1942.

How the Jews Feel

ON MAY 24 the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee of the Soviet Union issued an appeal to the Jews of the world to raise funds in order to provide 1,000 tanks and 500 bombers for the Red Army. It is not surprising that this appeal evoked a warm response from Jews in the United States, England, Palestine, Cuba, Australia, and many other countries. Their brethren have been slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands in Nazi-occupied Europe. And now when the only country that has wiped out anti-Semitism is in such desperate danger, when the future of the peoples of all countries hangs in the balance, the movement for the sending of tanks and bombers to the Red Army becomes an affirmation of the hopes and the spirit of resistance of the Jewish people everywhere.

Some 250 officials of AFL and CIO unions have answered the appeal of the Soviet Jews by forming the Trade Union Committee on Tanks and Bombers, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City, which has issued a call for support to the Jews of America and to all Jewish organizations. Recently many Jewish leaders have pledged to answer the appeal of the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee.

But trust the Scripps-Howard press, kennel of Pegler and assorted America Firsters, to find in all this a "Red plot." Last week the New York *World-Telegram* published a smear by its own little Dies, Frederick Woltman, which sought to give the impression that Rabbi Stephen Wise, speaking for the United Jewish War Effort of the American Jewish Congress, had attacked the campaign for tanks and bombers. Rabbi Wise found it necessary to issue a statement rebuking the *World-Telegram* and pointing out that its smear was a "definite harm to the United Nations, as well as an insult to our brave fighting ally, the Soviet Union."

Needless to say, the campaign for tanks and bombers for the Red Army—which is fighting *our* battle—deserves the support of all Americans, non-Jews as well as Jews.

FDR's Plain Talk

IN THE framework of total war President Roosevelt has asked for total action on the economic front to help assure victory. He has met the issue head-on, and his words cut through the fog of intrigue, political logrolling, and defeatist obstructionism, and show a clear way for the people. When the President calls on Congress to act by October 1 or he himself will act, he voices the sense of urgency that is in the hearts of millions as the war crisis mounts to its terrible apogee with so much of our country's effort, military, economic and political, still marking time. In linking offensive economic action with plans for the military offensive, the President implicitly underscored the close connection between the safeguarding of our war economy and the opening of a second front in Europe.

What the President requested in his message to Congress and called on the people to support in his radio speech is not new. It is a recapitulation and reemphasis of what he asked for over four months ago in his April 27 message outlining his seven-point economic program. But in these four precious months, while heroes like Lieut. John James Powers have gladly given their lives for their country, while hundreds of thousands on the Russian front have died for us and for all the United Nations, an unscrupulous gang of Congressional tories and defeatists have blocked all efforts to get legislative action on the two points requiring such action, farm prices and taxation. It is not surprising that even at this eleventh hour the attacks on the President's new message have come from the same sources, from men like Senators Taft, Vandenberg, and La Follette, for whom Pearl Harbor meant a change in tactics but not in defeatist objectives. The language of their assault on the President's determination to use his executive powers if Congress continues to dilly-dally is lifted almost verbatim from the copperhead tirades against the "dictatorial" measures which Abraham Lincoln was forced to adopt to save our country in an earlier war for survival.

The President's argument is clear and cogent. The cost of living and its various component elements cannot be stabilized so long as under present law, prices of agricultural products can rise to an average of 116 percent of parity (which is the relationship between farm and industrial prices that prevailed in the period 1909-14). Because of this the cost of food since ceilings on other commodities were set in May has been rising at the rate of one and a half percent a month. This means that by next May the American family's food bill will be more than fifteen percent higher than in May 1942, equivalent to a fifteen percent sales tax on food. Naturally, workers can't be expected to be content with present wage rates if the cost of the most important item in their budget is allowed to get out of hand. Incidentally, it is not the average dirt farmer who profits from these unconscionable prices, but the wealthy farmer and the processing trusts. The President asks Congress to amend the law in order to establish the ceiling at parity or some other recent level.

Second, the President demands as essential for the fight against inflation an effective tax program, based on the principle of ability to pay. Such a program must be designed to "recapture through taxation all wartime profits that are not necessary to maintain efficient all-out war production," to limit individual net income to $25,000 a year, and to eliminate special privileges.

Mr. Roosevelt's message was significant not only for what it proposed. but also for what it did not propose. The President refused to yield to the pressure of Leon Henderson and other advocates of wage-freezing, properly recognizing that wage stabilization (which is quite different from wage-freezing) is dependent on the stabilization of farm prices and the general cost of living.

Undoubtedly, those who put profits and politics before victory will train their heaviest batteries on the President's treatment of the wage question. And the old con game of trying to persuade workers and farmers that they are enemies rather than friends will be pursued in certain quarters with much gusto and complete disregard of its effects on the war effort. The wholehearted support for the President's message given by the CIO, AFL, and the National Farmers Union should help frustrate these machinations.

One final point: the present difficulties in regard to farm prices and taxation, as well as the inadequacies of war production, price administration, and rationing, all point to the next stop in organizing our war economy: the establishment of a central national administration with authority to harness the economic life of the entire nation to a comprehensive plan.

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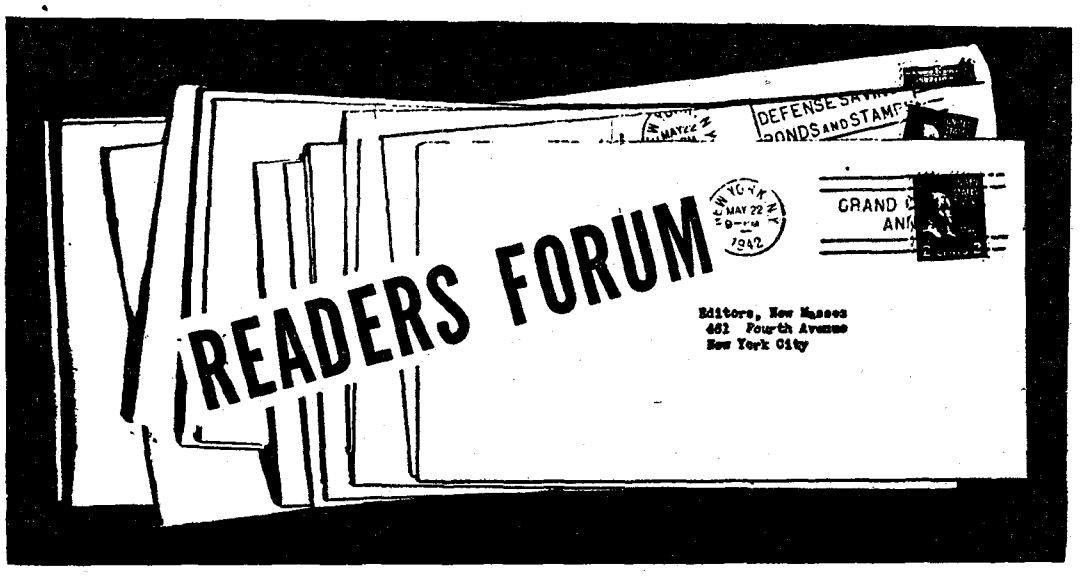

I Am a Wartime Tenant

TO NEW MASSES: We are *all* wartime tenants, only a lot of us haven't realized it yet. The first glimmer of it came to me several months ago, after one of those big rainstorms we've been having. My apartment is on the top floor of the building, and a big leak developed in the kitchen. I reported it right away to the super, because I figured that the landlord would want to know about it. But nothing happened, and I still have to rush and grab a pail and put it in the middle of the kitchen floor every time it rains. And if I'm not home, it's just too bad.

I spoke to the super three or four times, and once when the landlord came around I talked to him about it. They both just looked wise, and spouted out a lot of stuff about priorities.

Then I got to talking to the woman across the hall. The landlord had promised her a repainting job this year, but nothing was being done about it. She told me that the landlord swore he'd looked into the matter personally, and it seems that the bristles they use in paintbrushes are all tangled up in "priorities," too. According to the landlord, all apartments would just have to go unpainted for the duration.

But the woman across the hall is no dumbbell, and she read in the papers that all citizens who have any complaints to make ought to get in touch with the Office of Price Administration, so she did just that. They okayed the landlord about the priorities on bristles in paint brushes, but they also said that there were enough brushes available in this big town to paint every apartment in it red, white and blue, three times over.

"What did he say when you told him that?" I asked.

"Nothing," she told me, and that's just what's happened so far about her repainting job.

BUT when the hot water began to get funny we really started to understand what we tenants are up against. You know—because I guess a lot of you have been having trouble about the hot water, too. It was our old friend "priorities" again, only this time he'd picked up a little pal for himself—scarcity of fuel oil. Now, the woman across the hall and I read the papers like everybody else, and we figure that the plain, ordinary citizens like us have got the situation sized up right. We all know that a lot of the things we need and use every day are getting scarce, and will get scarcer. We all know that there's an oil shortage in the East. We all know that we've got to make sacrifices in order to win this war, and we're going to make 'em, and we're not howling about it. But. . . .

What I'm driving at is this. We signed our leases with the understanding that we'd get hot water twenty-four hours a day, didn't we? So the landlord can't give it. Shortages and priorities are cutting him down so that he can only give it four hours a day, and maybe sometimes we're lucky if we get it half an hour. Okay, we're not kicking—only, the landlord is saving money, isn't he? I can't see that it makes any difference *why* he can't furnish the hot water. He *isn't* furnishing it, and so it isn't costing him what it used to when we had hot water twenty-four hours a day. But I, and the woman across the hall, and all the others—why, we're just the tenants, and we're going right on paying the same old rent!

SOMEHOW or other, when I figured it out like that, the thing sort of hit me right between the eyes. And then I got to wondering how it would work out this winter, when we'd need steam heat. And right in the middle of the hottest day we've had this summer, I just sat and shivered! I was still shivering when the landlord sent the new lease around for me to sign. The super brought it up, with a message that had the usual subtle hint to the effect that I'd better decide right away, because if I waited until the last minute, the apartment might not be available.

This time I did something I've never done before. I sat down and read that lease—every word of it. And it just put me in a dither, because down at the bottom I saw that it had that new clause in it, the one the papers have been so full of the last few days—that war clause, as they call it. I read it, and was I appalled! Because, even wrapped up in all that legal language, it was plain enough. You can't hold your landlord responsible for any stoppage or interruption of services or repairs or, for that matter, anything else that may result from the war. The way that clause reads, if we have an air-raid, and your apartment is demolished by a bomb, the landlord won't suffer at all, because you, the tenant, are still responsible for the payment of the rent! The clause gives all the protection imaginable to the landlord, but not one shred of protection to the tenant.

No wonder I was in a dither. To sign or not to sign! My mind was so full of the whole darned business that I could hardly think or talk about anything else, and so, of course, I started talking about the subject with all the girls in the office next day. Everybody, it seemed, was having some sort of trouble with her landlord. Then somebody said something about the United Tenants Leagues. So I went to see them. Well, I'm not going to tell you that they have all the answers, because I don't think they'd say that themselves. They're not that sort of outfit. But I will say that they've got the right idea about all this mess.

ORGANIZATION of tenants works like this. If I, Mary Grant, go and kick to my landlord about the war clause, where do I get? Nowhere. I'm just one tenant. But if all of his tenants are organized, and they act together, trying to work out all problems with the landlord in a way that's fair and just to all parties, then he'll pay some attention to them. Maybe it's not the whole answer to what we're up against, but I had to admit that I couldn't think of a better one.

I got to thinking about the whole thing some more when I got home that night, because I had a letter from my cousin in Detroit. They've had their troubles out there, too, as we all know from reading the papers. But my cousin hasn't anything like the problem I've got, because they have rent control in Detroit. In fact, I read in the papers just the other day that in the districts where they do have federal rent control, rents as a whole have actually dropped; in some places, as much as ten or eleven percent. But, of course, they say New York's not a defense area, so it's not needed here.

That put me in mind again of what the girl at the United Tenants Leagues had told me. She suggested that I write the Office of Price Administration and ask for rent control in New York. But I'd sort of laughed that off to myself, because why would they pay any attention to just one little letter from Mary Grant? And then it dawned on me. Perhaps a letter from Mary Grant wouldn't mean a darned thing, but how about a letter from the Tenants League of which she is a member? That one letter might represent several hundred people, and if they got several hundred letters like that. . . .

"You know, I think they've got something in that tenant league idea," I said to the woman next door.

What have we got to lose? We can at least suggest that all neighbors get together and have a meeting. And if we got ourselves organized and elected a committee to talk to the landlord for all of us—well, the chances are that he'd be willing to listen to reason. We could thrash it all out about hot water rationing and the war clause and all that business, and that way we could make him understand that while we're glad to make all necessary sacrifices to win the war, it isn't fair for the whole burden of sacrifice to fall on tenants while the landlords have all the protection.

And we could write to the OPA office too, and explain why we think New York City needs rent control just as much as all those other districts needed it. In a war like this, you can't call one district a defense area, and the neighborhood right next door to it a non-defense area, because the way I look at it, we're all in this thing together.

So I'm glad now that I got all steamed up about what was happening to me, as a tenant, and shot my mouth off to everybody who'd listen. Because I learned that way about the possibilities of tenant league organization, and while, as I said, it may not be the whole answer, it certainly is a step in the right direction.

MARY GRANT.

New York City.

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THINK STRAIGHT, SHOOT STRAIGHT

Confusion over propaganda policy risks our heads in the battle of ideas. Reasons for the lack of clarity. The hesitant scholars who say "next year."

DOROTHY THOMPSON has given a name to that part of our struggle which concerns the forming and propagandizing of major international policies. She calls it "the secret theater of the war," and she insists that in this theater we are doing a muddled job. One may disagree with some of Miss Thompson's proposals for improvement, but there is no gainsaying her central contention that "it is impossible to conduct psychological warfare—which is a war of ideas—without ideas." There is much to consider in her claim that, in the field of information work, we are planning a strategy and conducting a campaign without an objective.

The function of propaganda is not to confuse ourselves but the enemy. And yet one is forced to acknowledge that in far too many instances we work against ourselves. We are warned by the Office of War Information that the basic tactic of the enemy is to divide and conquer. That is a useful warning. But what are we going to make of the situation which Dorothy Thompson cites in one of her recent columns?

Miss Thompson reports that:

"One of the people on the so-called Finnish desk, in the Office of War Information in New York, is a lady of Finnish origin. A few days ago she was approached by a young Finn resident in America, who greatly desired to assist the American war effort, and asked for help in formulating a correct and timely attitude on questions concerning Finland and Russia. He asked, among other things, what could be done to improve Russo-Finnish relations. The first answer—in English—was, 'We are in no position to give any information whatsoever.' The second answer, in Finnish, which the lady had asked the young man to speak, was a straight bit of anti-Russian propaganda, which ended by advising the young man to go around to the Finnish Information Bureau for further advice."

There is something so overwhelmingly indecent about such a state of affairs that restrained comment upon it is difficult. It is particularly depressing to recall that the head of the Office of War Information, Elmer Davis, has issued a ukase against the employment of people whom he calls "fellow-travelers." Mr. Davis objects to writers and artists not on the ground of their attitude toward the war, but on an arbitrary opinions test dealing with their attitude toward collective security, the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact, and other matters on which anti-fascists have honestly disagreed in the past. No one questions Mr. Davis' integrity. He was no doubt unaware of the actions of the Finnish lady in his office. But the objective fact remains that while a Red-baiting campaign has been carried on, the fascist-minded elements have been making hay.

THE root of the difficulty goes beyond the Office of War Information. It must be traced to a confusion of policy, of ideas. For it is obvious that until there is perfect clarity about the fascist role of the present Finnish government, there will continue to be a Finnish propaganda agency to which Americans can be referred. Until our government declares with unmistakable precision that Finland is an Axis tool and therefore an American foe, we shall have, as Miss Thompson puts it, "a government employe acting as though we were at war with Russia, or at least neutral." Until we break decisively with the tactic of Red-baiting, we shall continue, in one form or another, to comply with the neatly formulated rules of *Mein Kampf*.

If there was confusion in the Information Office a week ago, I daresay that it is multiplied today. For if our policy with respect to Finland has been inconclusive, if our policy toward Vichy has followed a course which history has demonstrated to be suicidal, what are we to say of the new "cultural attitude" which has just been formulated in relation to Franco? Mr. Roosevelt properly reminded his press conference last week that the cultural treasures of Spain are invaluable and that we must do everything in our power to safeguard them. But the appeasement boys in the State Department who cooked up the illusion that Franco is a guardian of culture are not only risking our necks but insulting our intelligence. Did not these very same cultural ambassadors deny a haven to the Spanish writers, artists, scholars who managed to escape the clutches of Francisco Franco? Utterly wretched is the day when we are asked to bear gifts to the murderers of Lorca, to the defilers of libraries and universities. Unbearably wretched.

Is it any wonder that last week's press headlined the news that "SCHOLARS CONFESS THEY ARE CONFUSED"? I believe that the confusion of the third annual Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion was at least in part due to the kind of confusion that the Finnish and the Spanish episodes represent. That is not the whole story by a long shot. But it is inevitable that vacillations in national policy should imperil that singleness and absolute clarity of purpose that our war effort demands from our scholars and men of letters. If there are remnants of anti-Soviet prejudice in our official propaganda agencies, these are bound to encourage hesitation and backwardness in reconceiving our analysis of international relations. If Franco is to be a patron of the arts, if Guernica is to be the symbol of cultural renascence, then the heart is taken out of our fight against fascism. Confusion is twice compounded.

While these discordant elements of policy exist, the fundamental direction of our war aims and efforts under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt is sound and clear. The answer to the uncertainties expressed by the conference of scholars and men of letters at Columbia University is not to be sought exclusively in the hesitancies of secondary government leadership. The final report of the conference speaks of "a generation of confusion," and there is no doubt that the central difficulty which American intellectuals face will be found in their own backgrounds. If we stumble in our efforts to grapple with the problems of the immediate present, it is in large part because our conception of learning has been faulty in the past.

And the basic error, as it takes no special wisdom to recognize now, has been a conception of the self-enclosed character of the various scholarly, scientific, and literary disciplines. It is significant that the Columbia Conference decided to call in "men of affairs" to help solve intellectual problems next year. This decision acknowledges a lack in the past orientation of scholarship. But note how difficult it is for us really to convert ourselves into realists. In the first place we think of "next year" as the time to remedy our deficiencies. And in the second place we continue to make the distinction, which accounts for so much of our "confusion," between "men of action" and "men of thought."

Men of action, one scholar said, are "men

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who do their thinking with a view to action." Scholars, he added, are "men who do their thinking for the sake of teaching or knowing." But to call a conference "next year" in which both "types" of men will be represented is to evade the problem and to perpetuate illusion. Thinking too is action, and thinking which is not grounded in the practice of actual people or which fails to strengthen and enlighten the practice of actual people is bound to result in an unending series of confessions of confusion.

THE result of such a separation is not only confusion, but an absence of urgency, directness, sharpness. The final statement of the conference is an anti-fascist declaration which is not deeply and richly imbued with an anti-fascist consciousness. It is all very well to formulate a "pluralistic universe of ideas," but to those for whom thinking is action and action thought, the real universe we inhabit today is divided by two essential ideas. It is all very well to "encourage differences of view," but the crucial problem is to sharpen the edge of our fundamental view, our anti-fascist view. It is not in a benign spirit of philosophical compromise that we can smash the enemies of philosophy. In our polite proclamations of mutual tolerance, let us not blunt our unyielding intolerance of the enemy.

It is only because we live in a twilight area before the full scale military offensive, that our intellectual processes can retain features of sluggishness. Up-to-the-hilt participation in a military sense will arouse our intellectual participation in this war. It is the urgent responsibility of those scholars and men of letters who want to insure "next year" to recast their thinking, their action-conditioned and action-producing thinking, in the framework of this year's necessity. In this "secret theater of the war" too, we must give everything we have.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Stories of Latin America

FIESTA IN NOVEMBER; Stories from Latin America, *Selected and Edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore, with an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

THIS anthology of eighteen Latin American novelettes and short stories, with its sensitive introduction by Katherine Anne Porter and its exceptionally high standard in the matter of translations, is a rather curiously disappointing volume, even though a titillating one. An attempt to discover the reasons why may be instructive.

In setting about the compilation of a work like this an editor may have in mind a number of alternative objectives. Shall he give his readers merely a collection of "well made" stories they are pretty apt to like, and which happen to come from Latin America? Shall he bring them tales which will give them back that picture of Latin American life which they themselves may have conceived—bejeweled ladies and castanets, *tangos* and *sambas, gauchos* and *sombreros*—the "Latin American way" as pictured in the past by Hollywood, much to the disgust of our southern neighbors? Or, finally, shall he do his best to capture for them that *"realidad americana,"* that real-life essence, which is the anguished object of every serious writer's quest in Latin America today?

That third choice may not be an overly attractive one to the North American who would avoid what one of the leading native authorities on the Latin American novel, Dr. Arturo Torres-Rioseco, describes as "novels of clash and struggle *(novelas de choque y de lucha)*." The *"realidad americana"* includes the tale of the pampas and the jungle, of country and city, of mountain, plain, and littoral, of red man, white man, and black man, and now the fusion, now the clash of all these elements. This is that vast and overwhelming *"realidad"* with which all worthwhile Latin American writers have been striving to come to grips, from Latin America's first great novel, the *Facundo* of Sarmiento down to the *Don Segundo Sombra* of Guiraldes and the novels of the Ecuadorian Jorge Icaza, the greatest living exponent of the art of fiction in the Spanish-speaking countries.

The editors of *Fiesta in November* have shunned that third and only vital alternative. I think their choice has been the first one mentioned: the well made or striking and unusual-seeming story which merely happens to come from Latin America. In the Spanish-speaking countries today there are perhaps half a dozen truly outstanding realists: Icaza; the Peruvian Cesar Vallejo (who died a year or two ago); the Mexican Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes; the Puerto Rican Pedro Juan Labarthe; the Cuban Enrique Serpa; and the Ecuadorian Demetrio Aguilera Malta. On these I believe most social-minded critics would agree. Of this half dozen, it is significant that only one, Demetrio Aguilera Malta, appears in this collection, with a story, "Don Goyo," which is commonly looked upon as a masterpiece, and which is by far the best in the volume.

There are three leading stories in all, from the point of view of space accorded them: the "Don Goyo"; the title story, "Fiesta in November," by the young Argentine writer Eduardo Mallea; and a long tale, famous in Chile, the "Brother Ass" of Eduardo Barrios. As for the featured "Fiesta," one can only say that, dealing as it does with the putrefaction of "upper class" society in the Argentine against a background of fascist brutality, it is interesting, tantalizing, and worth including; although one has a feeling of unsureness as to just which way the author, who himself is from the "upper class," is going to jump in either a literary or a political direction. Mallea's writing is distinctly in the European rather than the Latin American tradition; but this is true of Argentine bourgeois culture (that of the *porteno,* or resident of Buenos Aires) as a whole.

The "Don Goyo" deserves its reputation. Aguilera Malta is one of those young writers who came up with Ecuador's marvelous literary renaissance of the 1930's, along with Icaza, Enrique Gil Gilbert, Alfredo Pareja Diez-Canseco, Humberto Salvador, and others. He is widely known not only for this tale, but for his novel, *Canal Zone.* "Don Goyo" is a good example (although there are better to be found) of the "novel of clash and struggle" of which Dr. Torres-Rioseco speaks. And it does show in a mild but artistically impressive way the impingement of a city-harbored *gringo* imperialism upon the lives of the backwoods aborigines.

I cannot be enthusiastic about the "Brother Ass." The story of a lovelorn nitwit poseur who has taken refuge in a monastery, it is supposed to be a powerful psychological study, but its plot, its "psychology," and the complications that ensue, characteristic of the clerical-dominated bourgeoisie in a Hispanic country, are in reality as hoary as the sempiternal hills. Eduardo Barrios, the truth is, finds himself the favorite author of that class in Latin America which does not dare look reality in the face. As a writer, he is wholly—more, even, than Mallea—in the European tradition. Yet this tale gets more than 100 of the book's 600 pages.

Another story to which considerable space is accorded is one from Mexico: "The Futile Life of Pito Perez," by Jose Ruben Romero. This is pure picaresque, in the direct line of *Gil Blas,* and is, moreover, stilted in style, with a vague hint of anarchistic social revolt.

OUTSIDE of "Fiesta" and "Don Goyo," the most interesting of the lot is Jose Diez-Canseco's "Gaviota." This is a well done story with a strong, and real, psychologic punch. It provides a vivid picture of the life of Negro and Mulatto workers along the Peruvian coast, but the author is careful not to scrape beneath the surface of the social conditions he portrays. This appears to be the sort of thing which the editors are after in this collection: a picture of manners very different from our own that will make stimulating reading, but which will not probe too deeply —will not probe at all. Hence the quite disproportionate emphasis in their selections that is laid upon the life of the coastal towns, from Callao in Peru to Bahia in Brazil. This affords sex, "color," and violence. This it is which leads them to include a flashy but perfectly inane story like "The Sloop 'Isabel' Arrived This Evening," by the Venezuelan Guillermo Meneses.

In the meanwhile, the editors overlook the literature of the sierras, which is, along the cordillera of the Andes, essentially a literature of social revolt—the powerful Icaza is the greatest of them all here. They are likewise overlooking that literature of social revolt in the jungle which has been growing up ever since Jose Eustacio Rivera published his *La Voragine* ("The Vortex," available in Eng-

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lish) more than fifteen years ago, an amazing story of rubber workers in the tropical wilds of Colombia. The nearest the present editors come to this important type of contemporary Latin American fiction is with the Uruguayan Horacio Quiroga's story, "The Fugitives," which is weak in plot and characterization, while the tale is marred by the author's contemptuous attitude toward the peons whom he depicts.

For the literature of the southern pampas we have "Dangerous Men," by Hector I. Eandi (Argentina), a story with a not too impressive psychological twist which barely saves it from being a Wild West thriller. This tale of the frontier, along with "The White Wind," by Juan Carlos Davalos, another Argentine writer, may be taken as offering a contrast to Mallea's story of the decadent Buenos Aires aristocracy. But where, one may ask, is the typical Argentinian, not the frontier bad man and not the cattleman with his faithful servitors—but the hunger-ridden *paisano* or share-cropper farmer of today, who slaves for the fascist-minded *"elite"* whom Castillo represents, and who has superseded the picturesque *gaucho* of a former day? Both he and the proletarian city dweller—who fights alongside the *paisano* for his electoral and civil rights, in order that he may be able to fight for bread—are strangely absent from these pages, although there is an ever-growing short story literature built around the social and political struggle.

The northern plains, or *llanos,* also have a literature of their own, but the only example in this collection is "Rain," by Arturo Uslar Pietri. Uslar Pietri is probably the outstanding representative of that literature of escape which has grown up in Venezuela during the past fifteen years or so ("generation of 1928"), during the closing years of the long dictatorship of the tyrant Gomez and under the present Lopez Contreras regime, which is barely if at all different from its predecessor in matters affecting free expression, including artistic expression. What Uslar Pietri and his fellows are striving for is a kind of "poetic neo-realism" as they see it, which amounts to a prudent avoidance of all social realities and results in the inevitable shallowness of content revealed by "Rain." This story, incidentally, is not one of the author's best; and there are, even in present day Venezuela, fiction writers with considerably more depth. I think in particular of the new and promising left-wing novelist, Miguel Otero Silva, author of *Fiebre* ("Fever"), published some three years ago.

The remaining stories are painfully conventional, for the most part insignificant, and in that tradition of *"criollismo literario"* ("white man's literature," i.e., a literature of the ruling class). It is a tradition which has nothing to do with the vital Latin American product of today, a product essentially indigenous in character, primarily concerned with the *mestizo,* the *cholo,* etc.—with the socially oppressed groups and their problems. A number of these selections belong to the

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genre which Latin Americans themselves would describe as a *"costumbrismo chabacano"* (a crude portrayal of manners) which dates back to the last century. Luis Tablanca's "Country Girl" in particular is so quaint, it really ought to go in hoop-skirts.

It is an understatement to say that Brazil is woefully under-represented in this volume; it is virtually not represented at all. The only Brazilian selection is Jorge Amado's "Sea of the Dead"—some fourteen pages out of 600! Jorge Amado is one of Brazil's best young writers, at present living in exile in the Argentine; but "Sea of the Dead" is one of his weakest stories, trite and conventional in theme and handling, written during a period when Amado was palpably endeavoring to avoid the government censorship. There is a rich and socially significant short story literature in Brazil, of both an older and a more recent date. In particular, one cannot overlook a writer like Graciliano Ramos, who has been compared with such Russian masters as Gorky and Gogol.

Another astonishing thing about this anthology is the fact that Cuba is omitted entirely. Chile, on the other hand, is represented by four stories of very inferior merit.

All in all, it is a strange job of editing that we meet with here. In her Introduction, speaking of these stories, Miss Porter says: "Of social consciousness . . . there is almost none in the explicit sense. The wrongs committed by one class of society upon another are touched upon obliquely, by inference. . . ." But isn't this "oblique" touch the result of the editing, rather than inherent in the material? And anyone familiar with the vital, passionate, throbbing literature of the oppressed masses which has been coming to fruition in Latin America for the past quarter of a century, will ask: is it not this careful avoidance of the deep-going social theme which accounts for the unsatisfying, and in the end unrepresentative, character of this anthology? SAMUEL PUTNAM.

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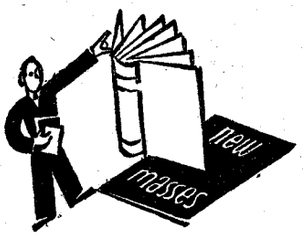

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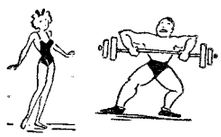

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describes the virtues of the donkey, which are so far superior to those of his former friends in the anti-fascist movement: "She is silent, far from stupid, even-tempered, open-hearted, patient, resigned, calm—yes, very calm—and best of all, she has none of that ridiculous ambition that corrupts so many of the poor; she has never, for instance, tried to pass off as a horse." Spina adds that "I've never lived so long with any companion without quarreling of the sort that gets on my nerves."

Spina's nerves and soul leave little room for his mind and heart. Around him are the people of Italy struggling against the dictator who has led them into a war for African empire. They are not as calm and resigned as his donkey, so Spina has no use for them or their leaders. "How can I tell you," he asks, "about arrogant party fanaticism, about the cockiness of the self-educated man, who because he keeps company with the illiterate, comes to fancy himself as an original thinker, about the vanity of the petty bourgeois who turns to the people out of personal resentments which he mistakes for sublimely ethical impulses, about the unhealthy joy of commanding, particularly sweet to a man who is weak physically and finds no other channel for lording it over his fellows, of the enjoyment of so-called revolutionary glory and popularity, a feeble substitute for the forbidden belief in the immortal soul."

Feeling the way he does, there is nothing left for the amateur psychologist to do but sit out the Ethiopian war in the company of a deaf-mute who inspires Spina to write an essay on "The Advisability of Making Intellectuals Into Deaf-Mutes." When told that his hideout may be betrayed, Spina allows himself to be coaxed into escaping, even though he really doesn't mind being arrested. . . . "Even if you load me down with chains, you'll never have me in your power. I am one of those whose kingdom is not of this world; that's the whole secret of my friends and myself."

The modest little mystic flees to northern Italy where he preaches that a miracle will yet save the people. But when this shortcut to liberation does not materialize, Spina sacrifices himself to save the life of the deaf-mute who has murdered his father. This soggy symbol is supposed to represent an act of expiation; the obeisance of the man with the trained mind to the one who cannot reason.

It would seem from this book that since *Fontamara* Silone has stumbled into the mystic muck of a blind alley. But it is doubtful whether he has just stumbled. The seed beneath Silone's snow is a dropping of Trotskyism which has flourished into an acceptance of fascism. It is a flower of evil which forces us sadly to believe that the author of the honest, stirring *Fontamara* is dead. He has been replaced by a man who, having lost his desire for freedom, wishes to convince the people who respected him that freedom is not worth defending. The calm of the donkey may be admirable, but even the donkey kicks at the rats that invade his stall.

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IN *Wake Island* Paramount has produced the first important American picture of this war. Coming in relatively so short a time after the actual events of that epic fourteen-day defense of a strip of sand in the Pacific, the film displays an amazing power of digestion—if one may put it that way—on the part of the writers, the director, and the producer. They have focused the event; they have treated it with reverence and authority; they have taken exceptional pains to achieve complete accuracy—to the point of hiring the very contractor who built the installations on the island. And they have made a stirring moving picture.

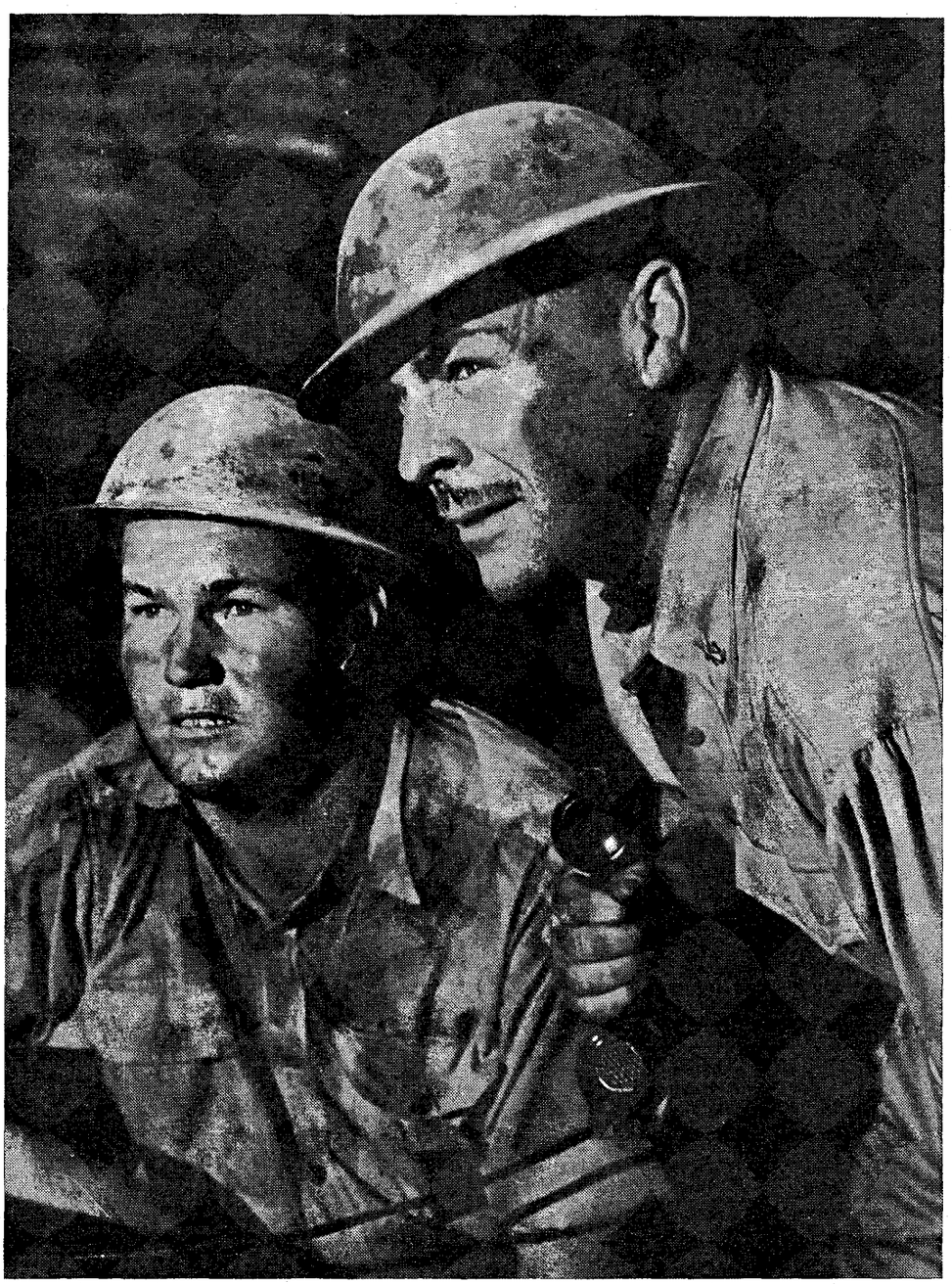
By now the defense of Wake Island against the Japanese sneak attack that followed hard upon Pearl Harbor, needs no recapitulation. It is of a piece with every desperate stand Americans have ever made for liberty—including, although it is not stated, the fight Americans put up against insuperable odds in defense of Spanish democracy. It was an accident of history, but thoroughly consistent with the nature of our people, that trade-unionists, construction workers on Wake, pitched in with shovels and guns to help the 385 United States Marines stand off the attack.

For purposes of the film, all characters are treated in a fictional manner. The new commandant arrives and takes over; with him comes the civilian contractor who has a job to do. Actually, there were well over a thousand civilian workers on the island, but the picture focuses attention on only two. (On this point, more later.) You gain a fair idea of the sort of lives led by these soldiers thousands of miles from home, in the middle of the Pacific, where, until shortly before Pearl Harbor, we had nothing but a seaplane base for the China Clipper.

HUMAN relationships in the film are boiled down. The Marine commandant has a small daughter at home. One of the pilots has a wife in Pearl Harbor. There are no glamor girls to complicate the unfolding of the drama of life and death in war. But there are many poignant indications of what life can mean to men on a lonely outpost, deprived of normal social intercourse and the companionship of women. The talk is real, hardboiled, but entirely human. The men lavish their affection on a mongrel dog, a Petty girl on a calendar —and on each other. You know they are together.

Now for some reason or other, Paramount writers W. R. Burnett and Frank Butler felt that it was necessary—over and above the drama of battle against overwhelming odds—to introduce a secondary conflict. This is the conflict between the Marine commandant and the contractor in charge of the workmen engaged in building construction on the island. These men hate each other on sight, and the major onus falls upon the working man. The result is that in the eyes of the audience he is a heel who has no respect for the uniform of his country, for the orders its military gives.

You know that by certain Hollywood standards this man must (a) get his come-



Major Caton (right, Brian Donlevy), Marine commandant on Wake Island, and his "walkie-talkie" operator await reports from defending artillery batteries as the Japanese open operations against the Pacific outpost.

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uppance, and (b) turn out to be an all-right guy before the final clip.

This happens. He gets into a fight with a Marine who floors him and, with the attack on Pearl Harbor, he becomes a sterling patriot who refuses to leave the island although there is a seat for him on the Clipper. He and his men (who are not shown) get into the fight—at first by building fortifications, later by actual fighting; and the film ends with the civilian and the Marine commandant toasting each other in what looks like Pepsi-Cola as they man one of the last machine-guns together.

It is necessary from the standpoint of historical accuracy and common decency to protest this treatment of the civilian workers on Wake Island. Hollywood has not always insisted that a man who works for a living with his hands must automatically be a boor, an insensitive and egotistic lout who snaps rather than talks and boasts rather than converses. *Wake Island* should have given Paramount an opportunity to show, in action, what General MacArthur meant when he said that the labor movement in America was the backbone of our victory. For, just as we do not expect the Marine commandant to have to prove he isn't a brass hat, it should not be necessary for the civilian workman to prove he is not an illiterate ruffian. Personally, I did not feel that the bad taste was removed by ending the film with these two characters in a fox-hole together, swapping cigarettes and Pepsi-Cola in mutual admiration.

But if you can overlook this slip you will find that the film is profoundly moving as a tribute to the men of Wake, both military and civilian, who held that pinpoint in the vast ocean and, when the enemy had already landed and there was not a gun or a plane to use, sent the heroic message: "The issue is still in doubt."

For they knew the issue was certain from the start. All the humor and the pathos of men fighting against great odds has found its way into the film. The radio operator, facing the point of a Japanese pistol, looks up and says, "I'll be with you in a minute," and is killed. One Marine complains of the heavy Japanese bombardment, saying, "If they keep this up, they'll blow us right out of the beach." Says another, "What do you care? It's not your island, is it?" Another looks at his Petty girl calendar when reveille blows and says, "Good morning, dear." A pilot—the last one whose Grumman Wildcat was still serviceable—takes on an extra load of bombs and goes out to certain death against squadrons of bombers and fighters, in order to get a large Japanese cruiser. He got it, and he brought back his ship, dying as he landed it.

These are the details that carry the simple, unadulterated story of a fight that will live in the annals of America's struggle against aggression—these, and the shots of individual combat, collective determination, and the final glimpse of the Marine commandant and the civilian worker feeding their machine gun as the off-shore batteries pound their position to

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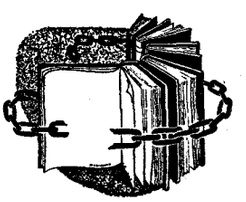

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pieces and the little men from Nippon rush ashore with the flag of the Rising Sun.

These are scenes and relationships the American people should witness. The horror of the conflict is not bilked; there are no concessions to queasiness or complacency, but the audience is lined up four deep for blocks on Broadway to see *Wake Island*. It *wants* to see what we have to face, the job we have to do. It greeted with unreserved enthusiasm the showing I attended.

Directed by John Farrow, actors like Brian Donlevy, Albert Dekker, Robert Preston and William Bendix achieve performances that, if not individually outstanding, are firmly molded (as they should be) into the collective story the film has to tell. The aerial photography and the scenes of bombing and shelling are as effective as anything the industry has achieved. *Wake Island* is a beginning that must not be underestimated. The job was undertaken with a firm understanding of the difficulties involved, and it is one of the best jobs Hollywood has turned out.

★

SOMEONE by the name of Roy Reid has compiled, from official films of the Chinese, British (and, apparently, Japanese) governments, a full length documentary, *Scorched Earth,* that purports to present the struggle of the Chinese people since the rape of Manchuria in 1931. The material of this film is authentic; some of these clips of bombing and frontline action, of the terror of the Chinese people in Shanghai and the sacking of Nanking, cannot be surpassed in the library of war footage from any country we have seen.

With such a story and such material we had every right to expect a documentary film of major stature; one that would contribute materially to our victory by further cementing the bonds between us and the Chinese people; between the Chinese people and the other United Nations. Strangely enough *Scorched Earth* provides no such desirable consummation. It would be difficult to find a more poorly edited film or a more inept commentary. With the same footage, someone could make of *Scorched Earth* the sort of documentary we need—there is that much real material to be found in it. But under Mr. Reid's heavy hand, what emerges is as dull a picture as anyone can manage to produce, considering the subject.

Worse than this, however, is the consistent (and, I am afraid, calculated) misreading of history in favor of certain conceptions that have long gone out of date. The commentator offers a plethora of adjectives (like "appalling," "horrible," "unprecedented," "atrocious," "brutal"). He supplements a sort of travelogue about "picturesque" pre-war China with an interpretation of the Orient's "development" by western businessmen. We are told that Shanghai and Hong Kong were nothing but savage trading posts until western civilization developed them—then they became "prosperous." Insert—a shot of the Shanghai bund thronged by foreigners in expensive mo-

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tor cars—and ragged coolies pulling the less fortunate. During the Japanese occupation of Shanghai, says the commentator with obvious pride, no foreign property was touched.

Mao Tse-tung, the great general of the Chinese Red Armies, is shown speaking, but his name is not mentioned. Aid to China is mentioned, but there is not one word about the ten-year assistance the Chinese people received from their neighbor, the Soviet Union. The other United Nations are mentioned, without the slightest reference to the existence of the Soviet Union. The Burma Road and the part it played in provisioning China apparently does not exist for the purposes of this film.

Then, after innumerable repetitions of the same shots (used indiscriminately to illustrate the seizure of Manchuria, the earliest intervention in North China, and the present day conflict) the film becomes downright defeatist. Shot after shot of the most hideous destruction is shown, with the commentator lugubriously chanting words to the effect that all is lost. The culture of the ages is destroyed; all that the Chinese people have sought to build (shot of the foreign concessions in Shanghai) is in shambles. And the final fillip, which is supposed to provide a "lift" of hope, consists of three American battleships which, it is implied, will see to it that the Chinese people are not permanently crushed.

There is no estimation in the film of the Chinese people themselves; they are merely helpless victims of Japanese fury, as "the mighty machine of Nippon rolls onward." The organizations of the people, the unity they have achieved, the forces operating within the country to bind these great peoples to each other are ignored. The role of the Chinese guerrillas is underplayed; the entire conflict is isolated from the context of the world war for liberation and seems to be taking place in a vacuum.

Yet here—and you should see them—are the beautiful faces of the Chinese people, young and old. Here, almost by accident, are scenes of the most deadly frontline action; the smell of it, the sound of it, the sense of it. Here are the panic-stricken multitudes of Shanghai and Nanking seeking safety from the raiding enemy—women and children and old men, their arms outstretched to the foreign soldiers guarding the barricades of the international settlement. See the film for these faces; for the action shots of battle; for the devastation fascism has wrought in the world.

★

ON THE same bill with *Scorched Earth* there is being shown a peculiar little thing called *Yellow Caesar* that is supposed to relate the career of one Benito Mussolini. If you are a collector of oddities, you might want to see it, for it is the sole allegedly anti-fascist film I ever saw that is actually chauvinistic. In an attempt to ridicule the system that still rules Italy, Alberto Cavalcanti, the director, has succeeded only in ridiculing the Italian people. The entire thing is politically ridiculous, humanly unsound.

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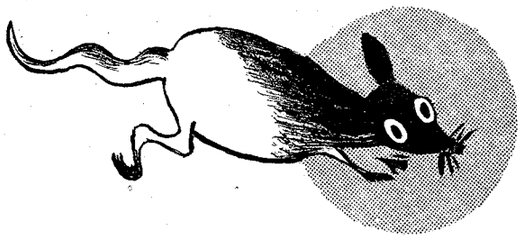

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